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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels in the Himalayan Provinces of Hindustan and the Panjab; in Ladakh and Kashmir; in Peshawar, Kabul, Kunduz, and Bokhara. By Mr. W. Moorcroft and Mr. G. Trebeck, from 1819 to 1825. Edited by H. H. Wilson, M.A., F.R.S., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1841. Murray.

NOTWITHSTANDING the time that has elapsed since these travels terminated in the deaths of the enterprising travellers; the publications of later authors, such as Gerard, Burnes, Sir Wm. Lloyd, &c.; the appearance of a considerable portion of the information collected in the Transactions of Asiatic and other societies; and the recent march of our armies through some, and up to the borders of others, of the countries described, the accounts of whose operations bring us acquainted with farther and more recent intelligence; still, there is enough original and valuable in the volumes before us to place them in a favoured position among the best of our Indian authorities. An excellent map, constructed by Mr. Arrowsmith, shews how important Mr. Moorcroft's expedition has been to geography; and we only wish that neither map nor narrative were perplexed by the sad uncertainty created by the use of new, and new spelling of old, Oriental names. We firmly believe that half the general indisposition towards works about India is caused by these repulsive drawbacks, which puzzle the reader, and make him want a glossary at every page. It would be well if some standard were agreed upon to obviate this inconvenience,—as for instance, in these volumes, we have Ranjit Singh for our late ally, Runjeet Singh; and Panjab for his territory, the Punjab, with whom, and with which preceding Eastern publications had made us acquainted. We do not mean to say which is right, but only to say that it would be more agreeable and intelligible if all were agreed on a common language, instead of having Nagpur, Nagpoor; Kashmir, Cashmere; and such new-fangled officers as thannadars, vazira, khalluns, nunas, gomphas, khagas, maliks, lompas, and similar names, the proper understanding for which we need an interpreter, or must wait till the context explains them.

But passing this point, though it offends us in almost every Asiatic book that is published, we come to the substance of these travels, the almost untrodden and unknown portions of which (independently of information respecting adjacent parts, gathered far in advance of actual European observation) relate chiefly to the journey from Joshimali to Srinagar, and thence to Lahore, and by way of Kotcho, Kula, and Lahoul to Lé, the capital of Ladakh, and his residence there.

Mr. Moorcroft's personal history is so familiar we need only remind our readers, that from being a celebrated veterinary surgeon in London, he went to India to superintend the Company's stud, and that the undertaking in the prosecution of which he perished was for the purpose of procuring horses from Central Asia to improve the breed for our Indian cavalry, of a kind which he judged to be most fit for that purpose. His secondary object was to introduce our commerce into these remote regions, where

he held that Russia and England must soon meet as rival traders and importers: and to effect this he carried with him several thousand pounds' worth of merchandise from Calcutta, a course which much impeded his progress. But then there are only two ways of penetrating among these jealous tribes, either by assuming the character of a merchant or a mendicant; and Mr. Moorcroft preferred the former.

It would lead us into long detail to follow his march to the distant sources of the Indus and Sutlej, however important, as we have remarked, to geography and topography; but we trust it will be satisfactory if we only detach such particulars and descriptions at prominent places as seem to us to possess the greatest novelty and interest. Reserving, therefore, the embarrassments and delays of the journey thitherward, we shall at once plant ourselves at Lé, in Ladakh. But first, perhaps, we had better state where and what Ladakh is:—

"Ladakh is bounded on the north-east by the mountains which divide it from the Chinese province of Khoten, and on the east and south-east by Rodokh and Chan-than, dependencies of Lassa: on the south by the British province of Bisahar, and by the hill states of Kulu and Chamba. The latter also extends along the south-west till it is met by Kashmir, which with part of Balti, Kartakshe, and Khafalun, complete the boundary on the west and north-west. The north is bounded by the Karakoram mountains and Yarkand."

It is probably "from north to south, or from the foot of the Karakoram mountains to the fort of Trankar in Piti, the distance is rather more than two hundred miles; and from east to west, or from the La Ganskiel pass to that of Zoje La, it cannot be less than two hundred and fifty. The outline, however, is irregular, being contracted on the north-west and south-west, and the whole area may not much exceed thirty thousand square miles. Although the country of Ladakh lies at a lower elevation than the mountain-ranges, which serve as ramparts to its northern and southern frontier, yet its general character is that of its gigantic neighbours, and its lowest levels are in the vicinity of perpetual snow. It is, in fact, a series of narrow valleys, situated between mountains not of very great altitude as compared with the land at their feet, but ordinarily towering to a height above the sea, which surpasses that of the pinnacles of the Alps. The elevation of Lé itself is more than eleven thousand feet above the sea, and some parts of the northern peragna of Nobra are two thousand feet above that level. The passes that lead into Ladakh on its southern frontier are above sixteen thousand feet high, and there are several mountains within the country which are crossed in travelling from one valley to another, as the Kandu La, Chang La, and Parang La, which are of still greater altitude. The principal valley in Ladakh is that which follows the course of the Indus, and extends from south-east to north-west through the greater part of the country. * * * The river that may be regarded as the most striking and important feature in the geography of Ladakh is the great eastern branch of the Indus, or, as termed in the country, the Sinh-kha-bab,

the river that rises from the lion's mouth, in reference to the Tibetan notion, borrowed perhaps from the Hindus, of the origin of four great rivers from the mouths of as many animals; as the Indus from the lion's mouth; the Ganges, Mab-cha-kha-bab, from that of the peacock; the Setlej, Lang-chin-kha-bab, from that of the elephant; and the Ster-chuk-kha-bab, or river of Tibet, from the mouth of the horse. The Sinh-kha-bab rises in the Kan-re, Kangri or Kantesi mountains, the Kailasa of the Hindus, and after traversing the country of Chan-than in a direction from south-east to north-west, enters Ladakh on its eastern, and follows the same course to its western frontier; at Khalets, about thirty miles east of Lé, it takes a turn more to the north, and passes through Kartakshe to Sagarkhod, or Skardu, the capital of Balti, from whence it flows for a considerable distance in a north-westerly direction, and then turns to the south, in its course towards the plains of Hindustan; during its progress through Ladakh it is joined by several large streams. * * * The population of Lé, as of the country at large, is of the Tibetan stock, but a very considerable number of Kashmirians are domesticated at Lé, and a mixed race has originated from them and the women of the country, termed Argands. The Kashmiris and their descendants are engaged in commerce, and the lower orders follow the business of butchers, cooks, and petty retailers. There are also some Turani merchants, and in the lands of Chushut a colony of Balti Mohammedans is established. According to such information as could be obtained, the whole population of Ladakh may be between one hundred and fifty thousand and one hundred and eighty thousand, of which two-thirds, at least, are females. * * * The Ladakhis are, in general, a mild and timid people, frank, honest, and moral when not corrupted by communication with the dissolute Kashmiris; but they are indolent, exceedingly dirty, and too apt to be addicted to intoxication. The Kashmirians here, as well as every where else, are notorious for every kind of profligacy, and where they abound the people of the country are tainted by similar vices. They have some singular domestic institutions. When an eldest son marries, the property of his father descends to him, and he is charged with the maintenance of his parents. They may continue to live with him if he and his wife please, if not, he provides them with a separate dwelling. A younger son is usually made a lama. Should there be more brothers, and they agree to the arrangement, the juniors become inferior husbands to the wife of the elder: all the children, however, are considered as belonging to the head of the family. The younger brothers have no authority, they wait upon the elder as his servants, and can be turned out of doors at his pleasure, without its being incumbent upon him to provide for them. On the death of the eldest brother his property, authority, and widow devolve upon his next brother. The women of Ladakh, in consequence of their great proportionate number, find it difficult to obtain subsistence; and besides domestic occupations and wool-picking, in which they are very expert, they are the

principal labourers in the fields. They are a very lively, good-humoured race, and scolding and railing are almost unknown amongst them.

* * * Their dress consists of a jacket, with sleeves fitting, though loosely, to the shape, with a collar half way up the neck. Continuous from the jacket fall bands forming the framework of a petticoat, the spaces between being filled up with narrow stripes of various colours, about two inches broad at the bottom, and narrowing to a point at top, making the lower edge of the petticoat of much greater extent than at the waist: as many as eighty or one hundred of these stripes may be comprised in the whole circumference.†

* * * One kind of stocking, made of shawl wool, is fancifully decorated, and is very showy. For summer wear, half stockings of cotton are imported from Kashmir and Kabul. Both sexes also wear boots, the soles of which are of thick leather, like those of the Chinese, whilst the leg part is either of leather or strong stiff cloth. This is an article of dress in which the Ladakhis take much pride, and the commonest boots are dyed of some bright colour, and have the seams embroidered. Some of the wealthiest have boots of Russian or Chinese leather, or of goat or sheepskin dyed red, and glazed, the seams and welts of which are of gold cord, or are decorated with embroidery in silk, or gold and silver twist. Instead of thick soles, green slippers, iron shod, with high heels, are used. Some of the most ordinary kinds are made in Ladakh, but the more ornamented boots come from Lassa and from Kashmir. The men do not wear many ornaments,—the principal consisting of large ear-rings and a small cista, or box of gold, decorated with turquoises, or of less costly materials, and containing some sacred text, by way of amulet, which is suspended from the neck. The women are more gaily decorated, but their chief ornaments are the head lappet, a stiff necklace or collar, and ear-rings or oreilletes. The first is like that we noticed in Lahoul, consisting of a piece of cloth lying flat on the top of the head, and descending to the waist, or lower, bearing turquoises, carnelians, and amber beads in transverse rows. The hair, tressed in narrow plaits, is assembled in a queue, which is lengthened by tassels of coloured worsted, intermixed with shells, bells, and coins, until it nearly touches the ground. On either side of the lappet on the top of the head festoons of small pearl descend to a little below the ears, and are united and knotted above and below with an ornament of jewellery, and persons of rank have strings of coral hanging over either shoulder. The most costly ornament is the collar, a stiff band of silver or gold, more or less wrought, bound with strings of coral, pearls, or silver beads, and studded with turquoises in flowers, encasing the neck: below this a necklace of several tier of large gold and silver beads, intermixed with turquoises, descends low on the bosom. Some notion may be formed of the composition of this collar from the price, which is about forty pounds. Its effect is rather heavy than rich, and amongst the women of the Mohammedan Ladakhis is discarded for a more simple necklace. At Lé a curious appendage to the head-dress is worn, which might be termed an oreillette. It is an oval piece of seal-skin, which, confined under the side tresses, covers and conceals the ear, the edge projecting beyond which is fringed with fur, whilst the outer part is covered by brocade. In general the head has no other cover than the lappet, but on gala days a flat circular hat of seal-skin

rises like a fan from the crown. The face on such occasions is smeared with the pulp of the fruit of a kind of belladonna, which has the effect of glazing, and detains, by its viscosity, a number of small flat seeds, which are thought still farther to improve the beauty of the countenance. A Ladakhi female in full costume would cause no small sensation amongst the fashionable dames of a European capital."

This is, indeed, a new order of patches; but who shall dictate to the freaks of fashion? From dress we turn to diet, and here also we have some strange epicurianism:—

"The diet of the Ladakhis, and of the Tibetans generally, is nutritious and wholesome, and is remarkable for the prominent share which is taken in it by tea. All classes of Tibetans eat three meals a-day. The first consists of tea, the second of tea, or of meal-porridge if that cannot be afforded; the third of meat, rice, vegetables, and bread by the upper, and soup, porridge, and bread by the lower classes. For a breakfast of ten persons this would be the preparation:—about an ounce of black tea, called here zancha, and a like quantity of soda, are boiled in a quart of water for an hour, or until the leaves of the tea are sufficiently steeped. It is then strained and mixed with ten quarts of boiling water, in which an ounce and a half of fossil salt has been previously dissolved. The whole is then put into a narrow cylindrical churn, along with the butter, and well stirred with a churning stick till it becomes a smooth, oily, and brown liquid, of the colour and consistence of chocolate, in which form it is transferred to a tea-pot of silver, or silvered copper, or brass, for the richer classes, ornamented with flowers and foliage, and grotesque figures of leopards, crocodiles, dragons, or heads of elephants, and the like, in embossed or filigree work. The poorer people use plain brass or tinned copper tea-pots. Each man has his own cup, either of China porcelain, or, which is more common, made out of the knot of the horse-chestnut, edged or lined with silver, or plain. About five thousand of these, in the rough, are annually exported from Bisahar to Gardokh, and sold at the rate of six for a rupee: they are finished and ornamented in China. The latter kind of cup contains about a third of a pint, the China cup something less. Each person drinks from five to ten cups of tea, and when the last is half finished he mixes with the remainder as much barley meal as makes a paste with it, which he eats. At the mid-day meal those who can afford tea take it again, with their wheaten cakes, accompanied with a paste of wheat flour, butter, and sugar, served hot. The poorer people, instead of tea, boil two parts of barley flour with one of water, or meat-broth seasoned with salt until it becomes of the thickness of porridge. The evening meal of the upper classes is formed of some preparation of the flesh of sheep, goats, or yaks, and eaten with rice, vegetables, and wheaten cakes, leavened, or unleavened. The poorer classes eat at night the same barley porridge as at noon, or a soup made of fresh vegetables, if procurable, or of dried turnips, radishes, and cabbages, boiled with salt and pepper in water, along with pieces of stiff dough of wheat flour. The use of tea has been common amongst the wealthier Tibetans for some centuries, but it has been universal only within the last sixty years. It has extended itself within the same period to Bokhara and Kashmir, and is becoming general in the Panjab and Kabul."

And *à propos* of this beverage, and the story we lately heard from Canton of the Chinese having poisoned the tea intended for the bar-

barians, "Mr. Moorcroft states the prevalence of a belief, which, though probably ill founded, shews the opinion entertained by the Turanians of their rulers. They assert that the Chinese government is in the habit of removing by means of poison, administered usually in a cup of tea, not only their own officers, but the chiefs of the Kalmaks, and thus preventing them becoming too powerful. It is said, that when the son of a chief attains the age of from ten to fifteen, the father is invited to Peking, and after being treated with every mark of distinction, is sent back to his tribe. On the route some Chinese functionary, in the course of the usual interchange of civilities, in which tea forms a prominent part, takes an opportunity of giving him a medicated draught: his son, whose youth and inexperience render him harmless, is raised to his father's dignity, to be removed by a similar method in his turn before he becomes dangerous."

But to return: on our countrymen entering Lé, "The streets were crowded with people to see the entrance of the Firingis, and in the groups were mingled the good-humoured faces of the Ladakhis, and the sullen and designing countenances of the Kashmiris, the high bonnets of Yarkand, and the bare heads of the Lamas, with the long lappets and astonished looks of the women."

They had soon an interview with the khulun, or prime minister, who, Mr. M. relates, "Inquired after our health; hoped we had not suffered from the cold; asked our ages, our country, its situation and distance, the name of the king; whether we were on terms of friendship with the Vrás (Russians), Kathás (Chinese), and Ranjit Singh; whether we had ever visited Rüm (Constantinople)? Speaking of the small-pox which had been lately prevalent, I endeavoured to explain to him the advantages of vaccination, and recommended its introduction. The khulun replied at great length, and with much animation. The interpreter evidently compressed his reply, but the purport seemed to have been a reluctance to change old customs for new. We were then served with salted tea, which was distributed to every person present, and after making our presents took our leave."

Among the products of the country, a most luxuriant and nutritive fodder for cattle called Prangos hay is described. Healthy sheep fed upon it are "said to become fat in twenty days, and that if fully fed with it for two months, their fatness approaches to suffocation."

* * * It displays its nutritive properties in cows, as well as in sheep and goats, but it is said that it does not increase the quantity of milk; and as beef is not an article of food in Ladakh, there is no advantage in feeding neat cattle upon it. Horses thrive upon it, but they are not readily reconciled to it; and it is remarkable, that whilst growing no animal will browse upon the leaves of the Prangos, although they will feed upon its flowers. It is only as hay that the foliage is an acceptable article of food.

* * * Considering the value of this plant as fodder, its growing in a poor sterile soil, in every variety of site, except actual swamp, and in a bleak, cold climate, and its flourishing wholly in independence upon the care and industry of man, it would seem probable that it might be introduced with national advantage into many parts of Britain, and would convert her heaths, and downs, and highlands, into storehouses for the supply of innumerable flocks."

It seems to be a new genus of *Umbellifera*, which Mr. Lindley has named *Prangos Fabu-*

† What a pretty dress for the stage!—Ed.

luria, and Mr. Royle considers it to be the *Silphium* of the ancients. It would surely be well worth while to try it in Great Britain. Among the fruits are some dozen varieties of apricots, of which two "might, perhaps, be advantageously introduced into European horticulture. One has a smooth shining surface, without down, is round, and of the size of a greengage, and holds, both in appearance and taste, a middle station between an apricot and a plum. The third is a little larger than the preceding, with a short down on the skin, which is of a redder colour. The stones of both these kinds are of a dark brown, bordering on black."

But here, for the present, we must stop, though there are other countries to illustrate besides Ladakh.

The Naval Surgeon. By the Author of "Cavendish," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1841. Colburn.

THE dedication, with all a seaman's classical learning, quotes Homer for the passage "fit for some tall admiral;" and the author then proceeds to the business of his story, professing that several of his characters are drawn from life, and that his chief object is to call legislative attention to the depressed condition of assistant navy surgeons. With the exception of a romance located in Ireland, and involving in mystery the character and relations of the family of a baronet, Sir Maurice O'Donnell, he has taken Smollett for his model; and many of his scenes aboard of ship imitate that master of the art. But there are, besides, the stirring ingredients of battles, duels, the taking of West India islands, mutinies, piracies, murders, &c., with their concomitant horrors. The interest is generally serious or tragic; but in the first volume, some medical pursuits and occupations on shore are written in a caricature vein, almost as if by a different hand from the rest. In the end, a long criminal trial exhibits the peril of judging from circumstantial evidence; and the whole ends in a dramatic manner. Faithful to our code, not to let out the secrets of works of this class, we content ourselves with the sketch of a London functionary, as a specimen of Mr. Neale's talent:—

"The day after my arrival in town, I went to present Strong's letter to his cousin, Mr. Seppings, the head doorkeeper. I found this worthy a tall fat fellow, with a very red and a very sinister countenance. Now, porters of all descriptions form a distinct class of the human species—at least, in London. The rest of mankind, in proportion as they grow fat, become mellow and good-tempered; but the more obese we find a porter to be, so much the more ill-natured does the brute prove; like some savage hound, set to keep his master's property, the length of whose chain has not only debarred him from wholesome exercise, but allowed his ill-humours to congregate about him. Mr. Seppings looked at me from top to toe with his little ferret eyes, as I presented him my letter—pulled out his spectacles, and, without asking me to take a seat, proceeded very consequentially to read the epistle. This finished, he made another survey of my person from beneath his specs, and then, in a voice of astonishing condescension, loud enough for all his underlings to hear, thus accosted me.—'So, young man, you've brought up this recommendatory letter from my cousin at P.—? And how does he manage to struggle along, poor man? I hear he's likely to have a large family before he's done! 'Tis a wonder to me, John,' addressing a brother-servant in the king's livery,

'how them there poor lieutenants do manage to scramble on from day to day, and them having only a ninety pounds a-year to keep body and soul together. Now, hark ye, young man,' turning once more round to me, and still keeping his seat, 'my cousin down yonder, is a good-hearted sort of man, I know; and, in the matter of plain sense, perhaps he isn't much amiss; but lor! there, he knows no more of the world than a babe! as how should he, seeing the company he's been obliged to keep, all his life cooped up in a man-of-war?—'tisn't as if he'd had our advantages, you know, John.' 'No, 'tisn't, Mr. Seppings,' replied John. 'And, therefore, I was going to say, young man,' resumed Mr. Seppings, 'my poor cousin isn't the best person in the world to advise you in a matter like this here. In this letter, you see, he solicits me to do any little thing I can for you—he speaking up for your character and so forth. Now it's a thing I don't often do—concern myself about strangers; but as I approve of your appearance, I'll make this an exception in your favour, for which, I hope, you'll prove grateful; and if so, may be, I'll not lose sight of you. My cousin has, it seems, persuaded you, young man, to come up here, that I might get you made a doctor's mate. One might think, from looking at him, you'd see how little good is to be got out of the king's service, even as a lieutenant, let be a doctor's mate; so, out of regard to him, if you promise to conduct yourself discretionably, I'll put you in the way of doing something better for yourself.' * * * How much, thought I, as I walked away, has a government to answer for, when, in a nation taxed like this, the pampered menials who attend the doors of its offices are overpaid to a degree that makes them spurn with contempt the very hands that feed them; while an old and deserving officer, who has bestowed upon his country his youth and manhood, his services, his happiness, and too often his health, is left to starve on a pittance so miserable as to render him an object of insolent pity to one of these very hall porters! Had this Seppings been paid one quarter of his present salary, he would, in all probability, have been an obedient civil fellow; quite as honest, and far more efficient!"

The characters of Capt. Howard and Dr. Caustic are cleverly drawn; and the novel altogether full of adventure.

PROFESSOR WILSON'S ESSAY ON THE
GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF BURNS.
[Second notice.]

THIS Essay on Robert Burns divides itself, as its title imparts, into two great heads; the first of which is an estimate of the poet's personal character, and the second an estimate of his genius as exhibited in his writings. Professor Wilson has triumphantly defended him from a vast number of innuendoes, which frequent allusions to have magnified into the title and rank of facts; and has dealt a few hard knocks at more than one of his biographers, who have listened to the hundred-tongued talk of Rumour, instead of the still small voice of Truth.

Did any of those biographers bear malice against the bard? Far from it; and the circumstance is only thus to be accounted for. The publication of his poems at once established Robert Burns, with his countrymen, as a true poet; but during his lifetime his reputation was nothing to what it now is. Month after month, for years past, new editions of his writings have appeared, from the homeliest duodecimo in whitey-brown to the comely il-

ustrated quarto in wire-woven; but why have none of his biographers alluded to the circumstance of only one edition, and that by subscription, save the original Kilmarnock one, having appeared during his lifetime? Yet Burns lived more than ten years after the publication by Creech, which was in 1786; and was kept before the world by the successive publication of his inimitable songs in the musical collections of Johnson and Thomson. Moreover, the poet, witty and wareless, often said and did things, less as indicative of his genuine feelings than in derision of the narrow-minded prejudices which he despised, and the hypocrisy which he regarded with disgust. A constitution, never naturally strong, giving way while yet a young man, he was hurried to a premature grave; and then, but not till then, was it profoundly felt how mighty was the genius that had passed away! Public neglect was superseded by public enthusiasm. Those who would have passed the living man in the street, shed tears over the grassy sod which wrapped his coffin. Every scrap of his writing—and there was much which ought never to have been seen—was ferreted out. All his sayings—many of which had better have been left unsaid—were chronicled; and the most thoughtless of his doings—many of which were erring enough—were blazoned about, and became a printed record. The lives of few men could bear such scrutiny, most assuredly that of Robert Burns could not. But it is delightful now to find, from a searching investigation into facts, that, blamable as the poet frequently was in his conduct and conversation, a great many of the stories told to his discredit are exceedingly doubtful, and not a few absolutely false; and, in the eloquent enthusiasm of his essay, Professor Wilson is nowhere more happy than when standing over his grave and defending his memory from every attempt at unmerited aggression.

The second part of the essay is principally taken up with a consideration of the songs,—those immortal compositions, in which the genius of Burns shines out unapproachable and unapproached. After some exceedingly beautiful writing on the origin of the mirthful and mournful ballads of Old Scotland, Professor Wilson thus remarks on their effects on the poet's mind:—

"To Burns's ear all these lowly lays were familiar, and most dear were they all to his heart: nor less so the airs in which they have as it were been so long embalmed, and will be imperishable, unless some fatal change should ever be wrought in the manners of our people. From the first hour, and indeed long before it, that he composed his rudest verse, often had he sung aloud 'old songs that are the music of the heart;' and some day or other to be able himself to breathe such strains, had been his dearest, his highest ambition. His 'genius and his moral frame' were thus imbued with the spirit of our old traditional ballad poetry; and as soon as all his manifold passions were ripe, and his whole glorious being in full maturity, the voice of song was on all occasions of deepest and tenderest human interest,—the voice of his daily, his nightly speech. He wooed each maiden in song that will, as long as our Doric dialect is breathed by love in beauty's ears, he murmured close to the cheek of Innocence trembling in the arms of Passion. It was in some such dream of delight that, wandering all by himself to seek the muse by some 'trotting burn's meander,' he found his face breathed upon by the wind, as it was turned toward the region of the setting sun;

and in a moment it was as the pure breath of his beloved, and he exclaimed to the conscious stars,—

'Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west;
For there the bonny lassie lives,
The lass that I lo'e best!

How different, yet how congenial to that other strain, which ends like the last sound of a funeral bell, when the aged have been buried:

'We'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo!

These old songs were his models, because they were models of certain forms of feeling having a necessary and eternal existence. Feel as those who breathed them felt, and if you utter your feelings, the utterance is song. Burns did feel as they felt, and looked with the same eyes on the same objects. So entirely was their language his language, that all the beautiful lines, and half lines, and single words, that, because of something in them more exquisitely true to nature, had survived all the rest of the compositions to which they had long ago belonged, were sometimes adopted by him, almost unconsciously it might seem, in his finest inspirations; and oftener, still, sounded in his ear like a key-note, on which he pitched his own plaintive tune of the heart, till the voice and language of the old and new days were but as one; and the maiden who sung to herself the song by her wheel, or on the braid, quite lost in a wavering world of phantasy, could not, as she smiled, choose but also weep! So far from detracting from the originality of his lyrics, this impulse to composition greatly increased it, while it gave to them a more touching character than perhaps ever could have belonged to them, had they not breathed at all of antiquity. Old but not obsolete, a word familiar to the lips of human beings who lived ages ago, but tinged with a slight shade of strangeness as it flows from our own, connects the speaker or the singer, in a way, though 'mournful, yet pleasant to the soul,' with past generations, and awakens a love at once more tender and more imaginative towards 'auld Scotland.' We think, even at times when thus excited, of other Burnsers who died without their fame; and, glorying in him and his name, we love his poetry the more deeply for the sake of him whose genius has given our native land a new title of honour among the nations. Assuredly Burns is felt to be a Scotchman *intus et in cute* in all his poetry; but not more even in his 'Tam o' Shanter' and 'Cot-tar's Saturday Night,' his two longest and most elaborate compositions, than in one and all of his innumerable and inimitable songs, from 'Daintie Davie' to 'Thou lingering star.' We know, too, that the composition of songs was to him a perfect happiness, that continued to the close of life,—an inspiration that shot its light and heat, it may be said, within the very borders of his grave.

We must, however, now conclude; and how can we better do so than by extracting the paragraph relating to the poet's last hours? He had been sent, for change of air, to a watering-place called the Brow, in the neighbourhood of Dumfries; but, becoming weaker and weaker:—

"On the near approach of death he returned to his own house, in a spring-cart, and having left it at the foot of the street, he could just totter up to his door. The last words his hand had strength to put on paper were to his wife's father, and were written probably within an hour of his return home. 'My dear sir,—Do for Heaven's sake send Mrs. Armour here

immediately. My wife is hourly expected to be put to bed. Good God! what a situation for her to be in, poor girl, without a friend! I returned from sea-bathing quarters to-day, and my medical friends would almost persuade me that I am better; but I think and feel that my strength is so gone that the disorder will prove fatal to me. Your son-in-law, R. B.' This is not the letter of a man in delirium, nor was the letter written a few days before from the Brow to 'my dearest love.' But next day he was delirious, and the day after too, though on being spoken to he roused himself into collected and composed thought, and was, ever and anon, for a few minutes himself—Robert Burns. In his delirium there was nothing to distress the listeners and the lookers on—words were heard that to them had no meaning—mistakings made by the parting spirit among its language now in confusion breaking up, and sometimes words of trifling import about trifling things—about incidents and events unnoticed in their happening, but now strangely cared for in their final repassing before the closed eyes just ere the dissolution of a dream. Nor did his death-bed want for affectionate and faithful service. The few who were privileged to tend it did so tenderly and reverently,—now by the side of the sick wife, and now by that of the dying husband. Maxwell, a kind physician, came often to gaze in sadness where no skill could relieve. Findlater, supervisor of exise, sat by his bedside the night before he died; and Jessie Lewars, daughter and sister of a gauger, was his sick nurse. Had he been her own father she could not have done her duty with a more perfect devotion of her whole filial heart, and her name will never die, 'here eternalised on earth' by the genius of the poet, who for all her Christian kindness to him and his had long cherished towards her the tenderest gratitude. His children had been taken care of by friends, and were led in to be near him now that his hour was come. His wife in her own bed knew it, as soon as her Robert was taken from her; and the great poet of the Scottish people, who had been born 'in the auld clay biggin' on a stormy winter night, died in a humble tenement on a bright summer morning, among humble folk, who composed his body, and, according to custom, strewed around it flowers brought from their own gardens."

MEMOIRS OF WARREN HASTINGS, VOL. III.
[Concluding notice.]

At last the time came when

"This good old man must die,"

and it is touchingly described by the reverend author with the pen of a scholar, the feelings of a fellow-creature, and the reflections of a Christian minister:—

"I have spoken (he says) of the last two years of Mr. Hastings's life, as if to describe their tenor in detail would affect the reader with melancholy only; and I have assigned as my reason the fact, that they furnish evidence of little else than the gradual decay of the powers of a great mind, and the breaking up of the frame in which, for fourscore and six years, it had been lodged. I think that I am bound to modify, if I do not retract these assertions. There is nothing to sadden in the contemplation of a noble spirit struggling to the last against the infirmities of the flesh, and preparing to go back, disciplined even by suffering, to Him who gave it. Neither am I justified in drawing conspicuously into view the evidences, comparatively slight and of rare occurrence, of the havoc which old age was mak-

ing in its faculties. The following letter to Mr. Impey, written but a few months previous to his demise, exhibits Mr. Hastings in a light entirely distinct from that of the dotard. It is worthy of the best days of his manhood; and shews that, when roused by circumstances, the mind could still, despite of the body's weakness, both feel and reason as it used to do a quarter of a century previously:—

"To E. B. Impey, Esq.

"Daylesford House, 19th April, 1818.

"My dear Elijah,—I will not affect to regret the trouble which I have given you; for I know that you not unreluctantly submitted to it, and I have gained by it both useful and profitable knowledge. You have taught me one truth, not professedly intending it; that the only materials of authentic history are those which have been compiled by writers who have written so long after the events which they relate as to have had no interest in them. I think I know two exceptions, viz. Coxe's histories of the lives of Lord Orford and Lord Walpole; for both contain copious evidences of the facts which establish them. But even this author allows himself the privilege of exercising his own judgment under so fair a sanction that his opinion may pass for a verification. By your account of Dr. Aikin, he delivers a false or imperfect impression of facts without falsifying the facts themselves; as in an especial instance where, alluding to my reception of Cheyt Sing at Buxar, he negatively says, 'of which different accounts have been given.' This is candour and impartiality with a vengeance! I cannot pursue the observations of your letter, because there are days in which my sight, and the memory of connected sentences, both together fail me; but I think that an historian that neglects to develop the truth from a well-attested anecdote, like the following, corroborated by personal character, and the combinations of concurrent acts and declarations, is unfit to be trusted as one. Previous to the day on which the article of Benares was debated, the ministerial members had received instructions to give their votes against it. At an early hour of that morning, Mr. Dundas called on Mr. Pitt, awoke him from his sleep, and engaged him in a contest of three hours' duration, which ended in an inversion of the ministerial question, of which it was my chance to be apprised the same morning. The fact has appeared in print, the change of votes is an attestation of it, one member only, Lord Mulgrave, refusing to submit to so base a prostitution of his word. But I must stop; for my mind forsakes me. I thank you for your beneficial exertion; and shall concern myself no more with contemporaneous history. God bless you, my dear friend. Add my blessing of your dear mother, and the dear Marian, with Mrs. Hastings's, to mine. Your affectionate."

"At the moment when the preceding letter was written, the hand of death had already fallen upon Mr. Hastings. I do not think, from what I find in his Diary, that either to himself, or to the affectionate group which surrounded him, this truth was fully known; yet a comparison between the entry for the 19th of January, and the nature of the disease which ultimately carried him off, leaves no reason to doubt that the case was so. The memorandum in question runs thus:—'I have laboured for near a fortnight, with an inflammation in the roof of my mouth, and an inability to eat solids.' There is no further notice taken of this malady, except to describe the means which were from time to time applied, for the purpose

of removing it; but I cannot discover that they proved efficacious. On the contrary, other infirmities, arising out of it, seem to have grown upon him from day to day; and as they are faithfully set down, though without one word of bitterness or even of complaint, I should scarce do justice to his memory were I to pass them by. How touching, I had almost said how full of poetry, are the following:—

“May 21st. Heated, and my nerves shaken by walking. This is the third day that I have been affected with the confused sounds, as of distant multitudes.

“22d. I have been visited by confused and indistinct sensations, as of the sounds of distant multitudes. I date their first perception from the 20th,—at times resembling slow music—but its effect!!!

“23d. The same, whether sensible or imaginary, not distinguishable.”

How mysterious this communion of unearthly voices with the spirit hovering, as it were, on the brink of the great gulf,—how sublime the idea, that they should have spoken to the soul of the righteous man in the tones ‘of low music!’ From the date of this entry, Mr. Hastings continued gradually to sink, though not without frequent efforts of the constitution to rally. I find him, for example, on the 31st, so far improved that he is able to attend divine service in the parish-church: while on the 13th of July he took an airing in the carriage. But the fiat had gone forth which told out the number of his days, and all the care of his friends and the skill of his physicians availed not to counteract it. There is something, to my taste, touching, yet sacred in the extreme, in the tone of the great man’s ‘Diary,’ as it is henceforth kept—a mere record of bodily sufferings—inscribed, too, in characters which sufficiently indicate the approach of the moment which should arrest their progress for ever. Take, as a specimen, the following extracts, beginning with that which describes the occurrences of the 13th:—

‘I took an airing after dinner in the coach with Mrs. Hastings. In leaving it, I was seized with staggering; I sent for Mr. Haynes, who took from me about seven ounces of blood. The bandage loosening, I lost much more. After the operation, I slept a little, and awoke in great and universal agitation, which ceased with the second discharge of blood. I slept well, and awoke as usual, but with additional weakness.

‘14th. Mrs. H. wrote an excuse to the Duke of Gloucester, who was engaged to come on Thursday, and sent Robert with the letter.

‘15th. Robert returned early with an answer, written after a music meeting at Gloucester. I have passed this day unexpectedly and regretfully well.

‘16th. I passed an unquiet night, and arose with my limbs weak and shaken.

‘19th. My health better, but strength much diminished. I dined alone. I sat in the great chair much of the middle of the night, and afterwards in the bed; lay till late.

‘20th. I awoke with my throat much swelled, and a difficulty of swallowing; at breakfast, continued unabated, which I took alone, but without pain, and my appetite the same as it has been, unchanged through all other variations. At night, I took ten grains of magnesia, with rhubarb. I cannot recollect the loss of time, but ascribe the past events of this day to weakness.

‘21st. —
Alas! there is no entry on the 21st. The figures

stand there on the margin of the leaf, but the leaf itself is a blank. Mr. Hastings’s ‘Diary’ was never afterwards resumed. * * Mr. Hastings grew perceptibly worse from hour to hour, in the end all power of deglutition failed him. I cannot describe, with the fidelity of those who witnessed it, the extent of his patience under such a load of suffering, or the gentleness with which he smiled upon the anxious faces that were gathered round his couch, bidding them look up to the God in whom he trusted. But one remarkable trait of the tenderness and undying nature of his love for the wife of his bosom, and his friend and companion through so many years of vicissitudes, it would ill become me to omit. On the 3d of August, just nineteen days previous to his decease, when the malady which preyed upon his vitals had attained its height, and the certainty of a speedy deliverance was strong upon him, he dictated the following letter to his old and faithful friend Mr. Toone. The Court of Directors did not feel themselves called upon to attend to the dying request of the most illustrious man whom their service had ever produced; but that is a matter with which I, as his biographer, have no concern. His letter to Mr. Toone ran thus:—

“To S. Toone, Esq.

“Daylesford House, 3d August, 1818.

“My dearest Friend,—I impose upon myself the last office of communication between you and me, to inform you that a few hours remain which are to separate us from each other for ever, and I was willing to perform it with my own hand; but on a slight trial I have found it beyond my remaining powers, and the hand that writes this is as authentic and equally dear to me as my own. The infliction that must end me is a total privation of the function of deglutition, which is equivalent to the extremity of hunger by the inability to take nourishment. I have called you by the only appellation that language can express, my ‘yar wooffadar,’ my profitable friend; for such, with every other quality of friendship, I have ever experienced yours to be in all our mutual intercourse, and my heart has returned it (unprofitably I own) but with equal sentiments of the purest affection. In the approaching hour I feel but one mixed interest, I mean the loss of the annuity which I derive from my benefactors, the East India Company, which must cease with my life, and leave the dearest object of all my mortal concerns in a state of more than comparative indigence. This is not one to which she ought to be reduced, for she has been the virtual means of supporting the powers of life and action by which, in so long an interval (I think thirteen years), I was enabled to maintain their affairs in vigour, strength, credit, and respect; and, in one instance especially, when she was in the city of Patna, and I in a seat of greater danger, she proved the personal means of guarding one province of their Indian dominion from impending ruin by her own independent fortitude and presence of mind; varying with equal effect as every variation of event called upon her for fresh exertions of it. My own conscience assuredly attests that I myself have not been wanting in my duty to my respectable employers, and I require no further return than the continuance of that reward which they have thought proper equally to confer on my services and sufferings; the latter have been great, but not without their reward from my country. I allude to them only, though I feel them with the deepest gratitude. Whatever causes may have occasionally, and in the midst of contending

opinions, partially drawn their benevolence from me, I quit the world and their service, to which I shall conceive myself to the latest moment that I draw my breath still devotedly attached, in the firm belief that in the efficient body of the Court of Directors I leave not an individual ill affected towards me. I do not express my full feelings. I believe them all to be kindly, generously disposed towards me; and to the larger and constituent body I can only express a hope that, if there are any of a different sentiment, the number is but few, for they have supported me when I thought myself abandoned by all the other powers from whom I ever thought myself entitled to that benefit. The appeal which I now make I could not deliver without a sense of presumption to the Court of Directors themselves. I hope I do not carry that presumption too far in approaching them through you, my declared and beloved friend, into whose hands I commit it, without further expression,—indeed, I have already exhausted its last powers. My latest prayers shall be offered for their service; for the welfare of my beloved country; and for that also of the land whose interests were so long committed to my partial guardianship, and for which I feel a sentiment in my departing hours not alien from that which is due from every subject to his own. To you, my friend, I close with my grateful thanks for the many proofs I have received of your friendship, and my prayers for every individual of your blessed family. Adieu.”

“Having read over and signed this letter, Mr. Hastings felt that his business with the world was ended. He turned his attention, therefore, exclusively, as far as extreme bodily suffering would allow, to other and holier concerns; and, surrounded by a group of true and mourning friends, by Mrs. Hastings; Sir Charles and Lady Imhoff; his nephew, Mr. Woodman; and Mrs. Woodman, Mrs. Hastings’s niece, he received, at the hands of the clergyman of the parish, the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper. But why continue these details? Let two of those who were present when the event occurred describe how this great and good man gave up the ghost. Of the following letters, one is from the pen of Mrs. Barton, a lady to whom Mr. Hastings had stood godfather, and from whom he never, throughout many vicissitudes of fortune, withdrew his regard. The other, blistered with the tears which she shed while she was writing, came from Mr. Hastings’s beloved daughter-in-law, the present Lady Imhoff. I trust she will pardon me for having put upon record a document which does so much honour to her true and gentle heart.

“From Lady Imhoff to David Anderson, Esq.

“Daylesford House, 26th August, 1818.

“My dear Sir,—Sir Charles has just received your letter, so full of feeling and anxious inquiries after our adored friend. You will have learned the sad, sad news from the pen of Mrs. Barton. But to such friends of our blessed saint’s, as you and yours ever were, I cannot resist taking up my pen to explain to you why you did not have the most painful tidings either from Imhoff or myself, rather than from a common acquaintance. Mrs. Barton had written the letter before I had gained composure enough for the purpose; and Imhoff was so much indisposed in body, as well as afflicted in mind, that he was confined to his bed. I thank you, my dear sir, for asking so particularly after me, because, knowing the attachment that my heart and soul bore to that heavenly being, I am sure you could well say, ‘Where was Lady Im-

hoff?" Thank Heaven! I was for the last month close to his bed and couch side, with his adored hand in mine, and to his lips; and often has he waved it over my head, and said, "God bless you, my dear Charlotte"—which blessings have rooted deep in my sorrowing heart; for as his sad sufferings ended, mine and ours began, to last as long as we have breath. Oh, such sweetness! such kindness! such patience! such affectionate thanks for little kindnesses and attentions, that our hearts ever prompted, was enough to break them before they had finished their duty. I gave the adored and patient sufferer the last thing he took, a mouthful of cold water, and for which he put his blessed hand on mine, for he could not then speak, and in one hour after his pure spirit was taken to heaven, without our knowing exactly when it fled, for it left his beloved, benign countenance without a trace of pain or suffering upon it; and it is still the feast of my eyes (if such an expression can be understood as I feel it), and the exact counterpart of the marble bust in the library. Dearest Mrs. Hastings, and Imhoff, and Mrs. and Miss Barton were around him. Not one impatient expression ever escaped him. Never did he ask or wish for medical advice; he always said, "Surely at my age it is time to go;" and he all along said, "God only can do me good;" and to our anxious hope of his being better, he would say, "My dear, why wish me to live to suffer thus? none of you know what I suffer." It was the vitals that were attacked; and the heat within his throat and left side was, I am convinced, dreadful. Nothing gave him any satisfaction (and that was momentary) but the coldest water in his mouth, for the power of deglutition having long failed, nothing went into the stomach; and when Sir Henry Hallford saw this sad, emaciated, patient sufferer, he said that he had, ever since the attack in the throat, lived on his own substance. He gave us the only consolation in his power, which was, that every thing had been done that could be done. One of the latest true pleasures he had was hearing me read to him your letter to my husband; and in my hearing he blessed you all. Our poor dear Mrs. Hastings, deeply as she is, and must long be, affected, bears up as well as we could possibly expect. Oh, my dear sir, you who knew him, can feel for us in the ever-to-be-deplored, irreparable loss we have had in such a sincere, angelic friend; but God has, I am sure, placed him in the best of his house, where "he has many mansions;" and perhaps he is now our guardian angel, as I told him I hoped he would be, if the Almighty judged fit to rob us of our treasure in this world. Farewell, my dear sir; my love to dear Mrs. Anderson, and kindest compliments to Miss Anderson, and kindest regards to your sons. Did poor dear Mrs. Hastings know I was writing, I should be charged with every thing kind from her. Always your sincere, faithful, and obliged friend,

CHARLOTTE IMHOFF.

"P. S. I fear you will scarcely be able to read what I have with much difficulty seen to write. Imhoff charges me to give his affectionate regards to you and yours."

"Thus died, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, the Right Honourable Warren Hastings, of whom it may be with truth affirmed, that, whether we look to his public or his private career,—to the eminent services which he rendered to his country, or to the many graces and virtues which adorned his individual character,—neither his own nor any other age has pro-

duced a man more entitled to a nation's gratitude, more deserving of the love and reverence of all who enjoyed the privilege of his familiar acquaintance. Of the public character of that great and good man, I do not think that I am here required to say one word. The unvarnished record of his proceedings is now before the public; and if it fail to establish his claim to be accounted both an upright and a sagacious statesman, every thing like panegyric, whether proceeding from me or from others better qualified to speak his praise, must fall pointless to the ground. For Mr. Hastings's merits are not like those of men less severely tried, to be set forth by an array of generalities however skillfully put together. It would but insult his memory were I to describe him, for example, as brave, patient, persevering, long-sighted, and industrious. He was all this, and a great deal more; he belonged to that class, limited in point of numbers, in extent of moral influence on their own and succeeding generations defying all our powers of computation, who win empires or preserve them, in despite of difficulties and discouragements such as men of a grasp of mind less comprehensive by a single hair's-breadth would have refused to encounter. Mr. Hastings's claim to the admiration of the wise and the good must therefore be judged of by the history of his whole life. It would be worse than idle, were I, at the close of a narrative like the present, to seek, in a few well-turned and laboured sentences, to set them forth. But while I thus express myself, let me not forget to remind the reader that Mr. Hastings was not only great in his public capacity, but good. As the individual appointed to preserve and consolidate the British empire in Asia, he never, indeed, permitted his energies to slumber. He restored order, in times of peace, to provinces which were in absolute confusion when he received them; and established a system of administration, under which, had it been acted upon perseveringly, the resources of the country would have been, even in his own day, fully developed. So, also, when war came, he met it boldly; and in spite of the ceaseless opposition of those with whom it was appointed him to consult, he brought it to a triumphant conclusion. But this is not all. Mr. Hastings, against whom the Commons of England brought the charge, among others, that he cruelly oppressed the natives of India, and laid their country waste, was, by these natives of every rank and class, looked up to as a father; and is still spoken of by their descendants as the greatest benefactor to their race of all whom their European masters ever set over them. I cannot think of referring the reader, while discussing such a subject, to the addresses and testimonials which, during the progress of his trial, poured in upon Mr. Hastings from all parts of India. These are not, indeed, without their value, and might, if they stood alone, be appealed to as affording abundant proof that his humanity was equal to his vigour. But tradition is, in cases of this sort, of much more value than contemporary evidence; and tradition, both local and general, as well in retired villages as at the seat of government, is all in Mr. Hastings's favour. There are three portraits suspended in the town-hall of Calcutta, which no native from the interior ever approaches without doing homage to them, and one of these is the likeness of Warren Hastings."

To this summation we have nothing to add. We would not undertake a task which Mr. Gleig has resigned, even were it necessary;

but his reasoning is too strong to need addition; and we take our leave of his excellent memoirs with unfeigned respect for his labours in this field, and of admiration of the character he has so finely depicted.

FINN'S PENINSULAR JEWS. Second notice: conclusion.

In our last we dwelt upon the general history and literature of the Hebrew nation in Spain and Portugal.* We now come to their persecutions for the alleged murder of Christian men and children, and the following facts bear so striking a reference to recent circumstances of the same kind, that we need not waste time by commenting on the remarkable similarity and coincidence:—

"Practical cabala is magic. 'Rabba created a man and sent him to R. Zira: he spoke with him, but when the other did not answer, he said, 'Thou art from the magicians—return to thy dust.' Rav Ithanina and Rav Oshia used to sit every Sabbath eve, and study the book *Jeisirah*, and create for themselves a three-year-old calf, and eat it.' In the 'Sceptre of Judah' we are told, that when, in the fifteenth century, a Christian child had been killed, and placed in the house of a Jew in order to give pretext for a prosecution of that people, the end was defeated by R. Solomon the Levite, who resuscitated the child by placing under his tongue the ineffable name of God, and caused him to declare the names of his murderers. Another miracle was reported as wrought by R. Judah ben Virga of Serville; by which three monkish accusers of the Jews were exposed, and their whole scheme portrayed on a sheet of parchment folded in the prince's bosom. The masters of this extent of cabalistic power were styled 'Baalé Shem,' because their feats were accomplished by invoking certain combinations of the mysterious name of God. The effect of this pretended science was to enhance the reverence of the vulgar for the cheats who ruled them, and to amuse the dotards who devoted many years to its pursuit. There have been sincere votaries to the delusion; for an Asiatic mind in a luxurious climate would revel in its mysteries; but to the soul it must prove a fatal opiate. * * * A Jew blacksmith at Tavora had his son executed for some crime: in consequence, he went mad, or

* These were strange times with Christians and Moors, as well as with Jews, as the subjoined anecdote, which we have somewhere read, may shew:—

Among the cavaliers of distinguished courtesy and courage who figured at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, was Manuel Ponce de Leon, of whose achievements the Spanish annals make the most honourable mention. During the wars that were carried on by the Spaniards against the Moors of Granada, it is said that he cut off the heads of seven Moors, whom he had vanquished in battle, and suspended them to his saddle-bow. He was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his age, and the most conspicuous for gallantry and courage, as the following incident will attest:—The king having received a present from Africa of some ferocious lions, it so happened, while his attendants, in company with Don Manuel, were viewing them in a cage adjoining a corridor, that a lady, of whom De Leon was enamoured, either by accident or design, let her glove fall into the lions' apartment, expressing, at the same time, infinite concern at the mischance: upon which Ponce de Leon, who beheld the circumstance, with the utmost intrepidity, opened the door of the cage, and entering it precipitately, brought away the glove, which he presented to the lady in token of his esteem. This incident is noticed by Garcé Sanchez de Badajoz in his "*Inferno de Amor*," who, speaking of Don Manuel, says:—

"Vi mas a Don Manuel
De Leon armado en blanco
Vel Amor, y la historia del
De muy esforçado y franco
Pintado con un pinzel:
Entre las quales pinturas
Vi de las los siete pinturas,
De los Moors que mato:
Y los leones que domo
Y otras dos mil aventuras
Que de ventado vengo."—*Ed. L. G.*

feigned it, and, in revenge upon Christians, used to strew nails and calthrops in the fields and roads, so as to injure men and cattle, or nail up people's doors in the night, and throw fire in at the windows. But complaint being made to the king, an order was made that no Jew should, thenceforward, reside in Tavora; and a brazen magical head, which was kept in the castle, would, on the approach of one of the forbidden race, exclaim, 'A Jew in Tavora'; and at his departure, 'The Jew is out of Tavora.' These are related in a grave work which obtained a high reputation. There was also a popular belief in later times that all Jews had an hereditary bad smell, to which they had been condemned ever since the crucifixion of our Saviour, and which could only be removed by baptism. Cardoso, in reply to this, argues their cleanly habits and well-known healthy temperance of living,—that if the charge were true, it is induced by the Christians depriving them of pursuits which require strong exercise, and confining them to unhealthy quarters of the cities; but that it is as untrue as the odoriferous sweat of Alexander the Great, in Plutarch, and the same of Hesiod in a modern Greek writer. The Jews were also accused of placing the sign of the cross on the threshold of their synagogues, so that every one entering or leaving might trample or spit upon it, and of baptising cats and dogs in mockery of the Christians. All such charges were of serious tendency in those times, for whenever a Dominican friar mounted an eminence with a crucifix in his hand, and recounted these horrors, the mobs of Andalusia, armed with their knives, were absolutely ungovernable. But the favourite theme for invective was that of the secret murders which Jews annually committed for the celebration of Passover, when they took the warm blood to mingle with the unleavened bread. Jacob de Valencia relates, that in 1174, a child was sacrificed at Zaragoza, and cast into a well; but the crime was discovered by the surface of the well being miraculously tinged with blood. * * Also in Toro, 1457, two children of about seven years of age, being in the fields, were pursued by two Jews; but, fearing they should not have time to kill both, they only caught one, and, cutting out a piece of his leg, fled with it to Zamora; but what they did with it is unknown. Another child is said by Sepúlveda to have been killed in 1458, and the criminals were punished by the bishop Don Juan Arias. A tragical tale is related of the year 1491. At La Guardia, nine leagues from Toledo, some Jews of that place, of Quintanar, and Tembleque, agreed to make up a witch-spell with a *hostia* and the heart of a child, for the purpose of poisoning Christian people, but especially the inquisitors of the holy office, so as to make them die raving mad. They struck down a child of three or four years old, and dragged him to a cavern near La Guardia, where they flogged him with five or six thousand stripes, then crucified him, and buried the body in a vineyard at a quarter of a league distance. They purchased a *hostia* from the sacristan of La Guardia, and this, together with the heart, was pounded into a powder, which they forwarded to the famous synagogue of Zamora, and one Benedict de las Mesuras placed some of it between the leaves of a prayer-book in the church; but a person approaching that book on a festival day, was astonished at beholding an irradiation around it, like a rainbow, or the colours of the evening sky. Notice being given to the inquisitors, their officials discovered the detestable plot: all those accused of the attempt

were tortured, condemned, and burnt at Avila. Neither the body nor heart of the child was found; but the *hostia* was (this is inconsistent with the rest of the story), and borne in solemn procession to the monastery of St. Thomas. One of the murderers, Fernando de Ribera of Tembleque, was not apprehended till thirty years afterwards: he was then burnt for having on that occasion enacted the part of Pilate, as the others had of the chief priests at the crucifixion; all of which he denied, but he avouched himself a Jew, as he had always been in his heart. Such is the history cited by Cardoso from three monkish authorities. A late traveller in Spain mentions a fine painting in the Cathedral of Toledo, which evidently represents this very transaction. A party of Jews are seen taking out the heart of a child during the agony of crucifixion, and the legend rehearsed by his attendant is precisely the same. Another tale describes a Jew at Toro carrying off a child under his cloak, and stopping the cries with his hand, until he reached home; but there, beginning to kill him, the screams alarmed some labourers in a neighbouring vineyard, who ran to inquire the cause. Receiving an unsatisfactory answer, they denounced him to the magistrates: the cause was remitted to the king, but the termination is unknown. In the reign of one of the Alonsos, the crowd assembled with a complaint to the king, that they had discovered a dead Christian in a Jew's house, who had no doubt killed him for the sake of his blood to drink; but at length the king got them to acknowledge that they had placed the corpse there, in order to raise an insurrection which might take vengeance for the death of Christ. In the fourth year of the same or another Alonso, the alarm was spread at Ossuna, near Seville, of a Christian corpse being found in the house of a Jew: the mob arose, and the Jews fled for refuge to such friendly Christians as would receive them in their houses; but even there were liable to die of hunger, as the season was passover, and their protectors had none but leavened bread. The same took place at Palma, and the synagogue deputed three of their leaders to appeal to the king. These were Abraham ben Benvenista, Joseph, ruler of Sanhedrim, and R. Samuel ben Shushan, lately the superintendent of synagogues in Egypt, but recently arrived in Castile with the honourable appellation of 'Chief of our Captivity.' These travelled as secretly as possible, through woods and by-roads, by which they were so much delayed that the accusers arrived first at court. When the rabbis appeared, some proposed to apply the question by torture; but R. Joseph, who spoke for the rest, declared, that in that case, they would certainly confess themselves guilty of any crime laid to their charge. One present affirmed, that by the ancient laws of the country all torture upon trial was prohibited; and the king related how at the beginning of his reign he had lost two vessels of gold, and the theft was laid to two Jewish brothers, Judas and Samuel Onkoa, who, being put to the question, acknowledged the crime, and were hanged; yet three days afterwards those vessels were found in possession of one of his courtiers. Whence, he said, it is clear that men will make any declaration, be the consequences what they may, to gain relief from excessive pain. So the king proposed to employ a more effectual instrument for ascertaining the truth, a reward of so many pieces of gold; when it was found that one Juan de la Vera, with some friends, had disinterred this body, substituting a large stone in the

grave to prevent the sinking of the earth, and cast it into the house of the Jew, to whom he owed money which he could not repay. Another such instance was defeated by the king's interference. The crowd assembled before the palace windows demanding justice. According to the 'Sceptre of Judah,' the monarch summoned some Jews, and asked their interpretation of Psalm cxxi. 4. They said, that it was generally understood to mean, 'He shall not sleep, much less shall he slumber, that keepeth Israel'; but the king rendered it, 'He shall neither slumber, nor suffer him to sleep, that keepeth Israel'; and to prove the correctness of his version, he related, that the previous night he had got no rest, but arose and looked out of the window by moonlight, when he saw some men carrying a burden like the body of a man; that he despatched three servants to watch their proceedings, and that these perceived from a dark corner, that the object was a corpse, and they recognised the features of the men. The servants were produced, and gave as reasons for not apprehending the parties: 1. That they had no command to do so; 2. That they were unarmed; 3. That the body was hastily thrown into the house of a Jew. So judgment was given, and the people retired. 'In the time of good king Alonso the Great,' some men reported that they had seen a Christian enter a Jew's house on the first day of passover, and presently afterwards heard a cry for help. The magistrates sent to examine the place, but found no Christian there; they therefore blamed the people for bringing such idle tales before them. Appeal was made to the king; he summoned the accused Jew, who denied all knowledge of the circumstance; and Alonso was of opinion, that the accusers were morally guilty of the murder, if there were any, for not having gone immediately to the rescue. The next day they returned with witnesses to swear to the allegations. So the king resolved to investigate it thoroughly. The Jew's name and residence was written down. The Christian's name was given as Pedro Guzman, and his features were described; the wife of the deceased was Beatrice, a servant to a certain bishop. When sent for, she deposed that her husband was from home, having gone to make some inquiries of a Jew. The others declared that they had met her husband at that Jew's door, and being acquainted with him, they had conversed with him; but the Jew coming home, took him into an inner room, and they presently heard his screams for help; that they leaped in at the window, but found not their friend in the house, only the floor was wet with blood. Then it was thought proper to apply the torture: the accused, after enduring great suffering, confessed that he had killed the man, and thrown him into the river. He was sentenced to be burnt alive; but just as the warrant was being read over, the aforesaid bishop chanced to enter, and he inquired into the business. But so far from Guzman having been killed on the first day of Passover, he had seen him alive yesterday in a suburban village. A party was sent to bring him forward, including one Jew, lest the others of the party should induce Guzman to abscond; and the man was produced alive. The king was surprised that the Jew should have criminated himself, so as to incur the penalty of death; but the latter declared that he had done so, that an end might be made to the tortures by which he was treated worse than a murderer. For a few years before and after 1400, a pestilence raged throughout Europe, so fearful in its effects, as to be commonly denominated 'the black death.' During the

general panic, a notion was rapidly propagated that the mortality was caused by the Jews poisoning the springs and fountains; others averred, that they had witnessed the Jews by moonlight, muttering incantations, and casting deleterious drugs into the rivers and running streams. Thousands of lives were sacrificed to this cruel fiction, as well in Catalonia, as in Germany and France. Thus were the faithful people taught to shudder at Jewish society, as involving every thing that is loathsome and inhuman. No deeds could be more inconsistent with their religious feelings and practices, than the sanguinary passovers thus ascribed to them by monks, bishops, judges, and inquisitors, may even referred to in the royal code of the 'Siete Partidas' (vii. 24, 2); but the recital of such wilful and barbarous calumnies, detestable as they may appear, though forged in what are called dark ages, will hardly prepare our minds for their repetition in the nineteenth century, or for the horrifying events of the present day in Rhodes and Damascus. The early Christians were accused of similar atrocities. Tertullian, Justin Martyr, and Origen, assure us, that the heathen public believed the Christians to kill children at their eucharistical assemblies, when every person present dipped his bread in the blood. Christianity has by its ascendancy happily demonstrated the wickedness of these charges, but the Jews have yet scarcely attained so high a standing as from it to confound their calumniators."

We have gone so far into our bounds that we can only refer to the author for the details of horrid massacres during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries; and for the more systematic murders of the Inquisition during the fifteenth, till in 1492 the harassed children of Israel were finally driven miserably from the soil, and multitudes perished from the manner of enforcing their barbarous banishment. Many were converted, or pretended to be so; but the mass were faithful to the creed of their forefathers, and suffered terribly for conscience sake.

To conclude:—

"The only Jews at the present time in Spain are found in the now free ports of Cadiz, Seville, &c., where they merely reside without religious toleration, or those descendants of the olden times, secret Jews under Christian profession, and of whom there subsists one whole street-full in Madrid. In the British territory of Gibraltar they have freedom and encouragement; the result of which is a Jewish population of respectable character, amounting, in 1824, to sixteen hundred, with four synagogues."

The Dance of Death.—The origin of this strange picture is thus related in the volume before us, enumerating Jewish worthies:—

"R. Moses the Holy, believed to have been also a physician to the court of Castile. He wrote in Spanish a moral poem of strange character, called 'The General Dance.' It is in fact the 'Dance of Death,' which was a popular theme of poetry and painting long before the time of Holbein. After beauty, riches, talent, &c., have been danced into the grave by their partner Death, the poem is thus concluded:—

'As in grey ruin'd turrets the hawk may be bred,
Whose flight gives you pasture abroad in the field,
So the ruins of Judah whence glory is fled
Good morals with profit and pleasure may yield."

Popular Traditions of England. First Series: Lancashire. By John Roby, Esq. M.R.S.L. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1841. Colburn.

THE author of these justly entitled "popular"

traditions, after adverting in his preface to their original publication in 4to., beautifully illustrated in 1829, and their rapid advance to a second edition; and also the like success which attended his second series in 1831, says:—

"But the cost of these publications, arising from the expensive nature of their illustrations, was much too high to allow of their becoming as generally known, perhaps, as the author could have desired. It was intimated to him that no production could have a stronger claim upon the English reader than a series of the genuine and popular tales of England, such as he had commenced; but that four guineas for as many volumes would render it a closed book for nine-tenths of the class for whom he wrote. The publisher has therefore reduced the price of the work so as to render it generally accessible; and by condensing and improving his most attractive matter, omitting every thing of an uninteresting nature, such as poetry and stories that have been considered least effective in the previous edition, and by enlarging his scope so as to embrace every portion of his native land which affords the materials of a romantic legend, the author hopes to be enabled to produce a work worthy of fulfilling every reasonable expectation, and of supplying a void in English literature which has long been a matter of surprise to scholars of other nations."

Praised by Sir Walter Scott in two of his works, highly commended by the *Literary Gazette*, and so flatteringly approved by the public at large, we have long wondered at Mr. Roby's reticence in not being tempted, not only to remodel these traditions as he has now so ably done, but to proceed with others of the same class and character. Nothing can be more entertaining than the revival of such legendary lore in a skilful and graphic manner; and nothing can more truly illustrate the minds and manners of our forefathers. The superstitions of nations have a prodigious influence upon their institutions, laws, habits, and feelings; and a thorough acquaintance with them, such as the author imparts, happily adorned in the telling, is about as pleasant a literary service as could be performed, even in these days of railroads and machinery. We have no doubt the present edition will be as acceptable to the middle orders of society, as its splendid predecessors were to the wealthier book-buyers.

A Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art. Comprising the History, Description, and Scientific Principles, of every Branch of Human Knowledge; with the Derivation and Definition of all the Terms in General Use. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood. Edited by W. T. Brande, F.R.S. L. and E. &c. &c. Part I. Double cols. pp. 112. London, 1841. Longman and Co.

THIS is the twelfth of the series of explanatory encyclopedias and dictionaries, for which the public is indebted to the assiduity of Messrs. Longmans' house in providing for the new set of wants which has been, if not generated, largely increased by the turn of the age in which we live. Unquestionably, a strong spirit of inquiry is most active in our day, and a greater degree of accuracy has been sought in every science. This has led to a prodigious number of new terms—especially in the physical sciences—some of them compounded of learned languages intelligible to the scholar, but not so to the general readers; others, viciously dovetailed on unmeaning words and names, intelligible to nobody; others, again, perplexed by a regiment of synonyms, and being em-

ployed in different senses by different authors; and many so rare, or adopted from little known languages, that a more useful design could hardly be undertaken than that of comprehending them in a work of this kind. Acknowledging this truth, we must then look simply to its execution; and we have great pleasure in expressing our hearty approbation of the plan developed in this first part, and of the measures taken to ensure a complete publication of superior character. To be finished in ten or twelve monthly parts, the definitions between the copiousness of the encyclopedia and the brevity of the dictionary, a variety of experience and talent has been engaged on the various divisions of this production; and when we see the names of Brande, Lindley, London, McCulloch, Joseph Gwilt, Richard Owen, two Merivales, Herman and Rev. Charles, T. Galloway, and J. Cauvin, prefixed to the contributions on chemistry, botany, gardening, commerce, architecture, zoology, law, theology, mathematics, and literature, we may fairly predicate that every provision that could be made has been made to promise a most satisfactory result. We observe no medical name in the list, but that medical terms are defined like the rest. Perhaps there was not novelty enough in this branch of science to call for more peculiar application.

We have not gone into any minute comparison, nor sought for words of a very uncommon sort; but from a pretty close examination generally, we can safely say that if all the succeeding parts are like the first (and there is no reason to suppose they will not be), this *Dictionary* will be a very valuable acquisition to every class of readers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Transactions and Proceedings of the London Electrical Society. London, 1841. Smith, Elder, and Co.

CORIOUS reports have from time to time exhibited to our readers the character and value of the papers read, and the subjects discussed, at the Electrical Society. We have been informed that this Society is virtually, although not formally, extinct; but that there is some likelihood of its being remodelled and revived. A little more countenance and support than it has hitherto had, it appears, is necessary for its existence. The present volume will enable scientific men to judge how far useful its past labours have been. The communications, soon after the establishment, considered by the committee most worthy of publication, have been selected for illustration, and are contained therein entire. Subsequently it was thought better to give abstracts of all and record the proceedings of the Society, and hence the apparent superfluity of the title.

The Gladiator, a Tale of the Roman Empire. By Martha Macdonald Lamont. Pp. 199. 1841. London: Ball and Co. Bristol: Philip and Evans.

AN interesting story, with a fair historical view of the times of Septimius Severus and Caracalla, and a likely description of Roman manners.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore. Vol. IV. London, 1841. Longman and Co.

THIS volume is enriched by the Irish melodies, national airs, and sacred songs, on the former of which the author expresses a well-grounded hope that his fame will long survive the present time. A preface gives some account of his earlier years, and connexion with the Emmets and other conspirators of the fatal year 1798. He narrowly escaped expulsion from college,

but being unworn to the plot, and, in truth, ignorant of its nature and extent, though intimate with several of the leaders, his fate was more fortunate than the hapless lot of his companions.

Illustrations of German Poetry, with Notes.
 &c. By Elijah Barwell Impey, Esq. M.A.
 &c. 2 vols. 12mo. 1841. Clapham: Batten.
 London: Simpkin and Co.

MR. IMPEY's original design seems to have been somewhat confused by subsequent alterations; and his arrangements are not so clear as might be wished. Still he has produced an interesting body of German poetry and literature, and himself evinced both talent and learning in his treatment of it.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION OF ITALY.

[We are indebted to the Consul-general for Tuscany for the following intimation, to which we cheerfully give place, having last year done our best to furnish a report of the proceedings at Turin.—*Ed. L. G.*]

THE first and second meetings of scientific persons in Italy having successively taken place at Pisa and Turin, we take this early opportunity of announcing that their third assembly will take place this year at Florence, under the auspices of His Imperial and Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Tuscany; the Marquis Corinto Ridolfi being president, and the Chevalier Ferdinand Tartini, Secretary; and that their meetings will commence on Wednesday, the 15th of September, and continue during the remainder of that month. We, therefore, hope that this announcement will meet the eyes of all lovers of science in this country, and induce them to make arrangements to be present on this interesting occasion.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

FEBRUARY 8th. The President, G. B. Greenough, Esq. in the chair.—1. A paper was read, communicated by Dr. Richardson, entitled 'Observations made by Mr. Bramston on the Temperature of the Soil in North America.' Mr. Bramston says his experiments were made at Martin's Falls, on the Albany River, a few miles below Gloucester, and at a point about 500 feet above the level of the sea, on the confines of the great basin of James's Bay, an immense extension of the older calcareous strata. Between Martin's Falls and the coast, the bed of the river is composed of limestones and clays, both yielding extinct genera of shells; while, in passing up the stream to the interior, there is little to be seen but gneiss and greenstone schists, with a mixture here and there of fissile granite rocks. The fossils of the neighbourhood are principally of the genera *Spirifer*, *Producta*, *Terebratula*, and impressions of *Trilobites*, the former of these in excellent preservation. The thermometer used by Mr. Bramston in his experiments was a mercurial one, made by Jones of London. The heat in the shade was taken immediately before and after each observation of the temperature of the soil by the same instrument. The first observation made was on the 19th September, 1839, at three different spots, in a place thirty feet above the level of the river. The temperature of the air being 57° Fahr., that of the soil at (a), six inches from the surface, was 48½°; at eighteen inches, 44½°; at (b), six inches below the surface, the temperature was 52°; at eighteen inches, 47½°; and at twenty-two inches, it was 45°; at (c), a hundred paces from (a), and at six inches below the surface, the temperature was 48½°; at eighteen inches,

it was 44½°. At these several extreme depths Mr. Bramston was interrupted by water. The second experiment was made on the 28th September. The temperature in the shade of the woods being 35°, that of the soil on the banks of the river was as follows:—At the depth of eight inches, 37°; at eighteen inches, 39°; at thirty inches, 41½°; at thirty-six inches, 42°; at fifty inches, 42½°; and at sixty inches, 43°. The third observation was made on the 30th September, twenty-four feet above the surface of the river. The temperature in the shade being 35°, that of the soil was, at ten inches, 35°; at twenty inches, 35½°; at twenty-four inches, 37°; at thirty-six inches, 38½°; at forty-two inches, 40½°; at forty-eight inches, 41½°; at sixty inches, 41½°; at seventy-two inches, 41½°; and at seventy-eight inches 42°. At the conclusion of this observation, the thermometer in the shade stood at 47°; and, upon opening our vault, says Mr. Bramston, and leaving the instrument there, it fell to 42°. The fourth observation was made on the 2d December. The thermometer in the shade stood at 32°; when sunk into the loose earth at the bottom of a potato vault, it stood at 42½°. Six more observations were made in the same vault, as follows:—

Observations.	Date.	Temperature in the Shade.	Temperature of potato vault.
No. 5	Dec. 31, 1839	0	33° Fahr.
6	Feb. 1, 1840	+ 2	35
7	— 29,	+ 30	36
8	March 29,	+ 45	38
9	April 25,	+ 35	39
10	June 1,	+ 56	41½

This vault is covered with five or six feet of earth, has rather a southern aspect, and the entrance in winter is blocked up with hay. On the 11th April a hole was dug, when the men employed reached a depth of six feet in solidly frozen gravelly loam without coming to thawed earth. A thermometer, plunged into the loose fragments, stood at 41° Fahr.: in the air it was slightly higher. On the 14th May, some men employed in digging penetrated through twenty inches of frozen crusts, and then came to loose sand and gravelly loam perfectly thawed. This spot was only a hundred paces distant from the place of trial of the 11th April, but the circumstances were such as to account for the facts. In the month of October, 1836, a man employed in raising pine-logs could not succeed in one case, being arrested at the depth of twenty-four inches, by solid ice and frozen earth, which must, of course, have existed all the year round. "From these observations," says Mr. Bramston, "it is pretty evident that we have a portion of our soil, at a slight depth, permanently frozen; but that in situations exposed to the sun, and in particular soils, the earth is thoroughly thawed during the summer. Were I to offer an opinion of my own," he adds, "I would say, that the line where the frost under the surface begins to become permanent, may run near the coast, between Eguan River and Cape Henrietta Maria, crossing the Severn River, and then pursuing a north-westerly course along the upper Mississippi, and approaching the Rocky Mountains by that part of Peace River which lies between Smoky River and Finlay's Fork." To the westward of the mountains the climate, from the neighbourhood of the Pacific or some other cause, is milder than on this side. Our summer months are warmer than along the coast of the bay; the great body of sea-water, with masses of floating ice, keeping all cool in that quarter. In advancing farther into the interior, the rise of temperature evidently increases, as is proved by numerous facts. Al-

though in winter we have the colds of Russia; in July and August we enjoy the climates of Germany and of the north of France. The plains of the Columbia, and the extensive tract of country lying between them and California, with the exception of 120 miles, next the coast, possess a very arid atmosphere, and a much milder climate in winter than the same parallel on the eastern side of the continent. It may be remarked, that the ground is almost entirely of volcanic origin. Dr. Richardson states, that observations had already been made in 1835 and 1836, and, among others, that, on the 2d and 3d September, 1835, a pit had been dug at the mouth of Albany river in latitude 52½° north, longitude 82° west, about thirty miles below the place where Mr. Bramston's observations were made. This pit, which was sunk in a stiff brown clay soil, showed fifteen inches of thawed soil on the surface, 3 feet 7 inches of frozen clay, and two inches of clay so hard, that it required to be cut with an ice chisel. This, says Dr. Richardson, is a much more unequivocal indication of a permanently frozen stratum of soil than was observed by Mr. Bramston higher up the river, and the difference may be attributed to the masses of floating ice which, remaining undissolved nearly the whole summer on the western side of James's Bay, lower than the mean temperature of the coast. Professor Forbes has shewn that warmth is propagated slowly and progressively, by conduction from the surface to the inferior strata of the earth; and that, consequently, the summer heats have long passed before their effect on the subsoil has attained its maximum depth. He has also stated, that there is a depth at which the annual range (or difference of the effect of summer's heat and winter's cold) disappears, and where, consequently, at places whose mean heat is under 32° Fahr., the subsoil is permanently frozen downwards, until it begins to thaw under the influence of the interior heat of the earth, that is, if the theory of the existence of an internal source of heat be correct. Within the limits, however, of the extreme annual range for any considerable epoch, there must be variations caused by the inequality of the seasons; and the results of a severe winter, followed by a cold summer, may be detected several seasons afterwards in a layer of ice much nearer the surface than the permanently frozen stratum would theoretically be placed, in localities whose mean heat is but little below the freezing point. When a pit happens to be dug after a series of fine summers and mild winters, the reverse would of course occur. These considerations induce us to wish that the pits dug at the various posts of the Hudson's Bay Company had been carried to a greater depth. An important point will be gained, however, if the depth at which the influence of the seasons reaches in different latitudes be ascertained; and, also, if the number of observations enables us to discover what the difference of the conducting power of the various soils, which seems to be very great, really is.—2. A memoir, by the Chevalier de Paravey, 'On the Kin-tou-moye, Primitive Greeks, Scandinavians, Normans, and Anglo-Saxons; and on the Eight or Ten Degrees of Latitude gained by the Land on the North of Asia over the Sea, which has become more and more encumbered with Ice, till the Navigation of it is no longer possible.' This paper was elucidated by a Sinico-Japanese map. The writer endeavours to support his position by passages extracted from various authors ancient and modern, and by the observations which were made by M. Hedenstroem in 1809 in New

Siberia; as also by what M. Arago has said of sea-fights, to the north of Spitzbergen, between the French and Dutch vessels, whalers, when that part of the Northern Ocean was free from ice than it now is. The etymology of Chinese names of people and of countries also furnishes him with materials in support of his hypothesis, as it proves the occupations of the older inhabitants of the north coast of Asia to have been the same as at the present day, though they were known to have been much more to the south than the latitude of the present coast. About 1260, says the Chevalier de Paravey, the Chinese emperor, Ko-li-lay, sent persons to measure the shadow of the gnomon on the north coast of Asia; and the calculations from this operation gave the latitude of the coast-line as ranging from 62° to 64°, and not, as at present, 70°. He says it was well known in former times that the frozen ocean was free of ice; and hence the order given by Alfred the Great to Other to sail by the north to India, &c. The nature of the paper is such that it cannot well be curtailed, and its length prevents our printing it *in toto*. It concluded with a strong recommendation to the study of the Chinese language, because the Chinese books contain the most detailed accounts of countries, and their inhabitants, productions, &c. The meeting, nevertheless, seemed little disposed to admit the Chevalier's hypothesis; but many remarks were made, the more particularly as the paper gave some countenance to the idea entertained by Pallas, Humboldt, and others, of the former connexion of the Northern Ocean with the Caspian and Aral.—3. The Secretary communicated the fact of the ascent up the Quora of the Ethiopie, to within thirty miles of Bisah; but as this intelligence has been printed in "The Friend of Africa," we need not repeat it.—Among other donations to the Society we remarked a beautifully executed and pretty good likeness, in tinted lithograph, of the Guyana traveller, the Chevalier Schomburgk, dedicated and presented to the Royal Geographical Society by Mr. Gauci.

M. ROCHET IN ABYSSINIA.

(From the "Sud Marellais.")

M. ROCHET is a chemist. His journal is full of the most important details relative to mineralogy and geology, and contains, besides, much commercial information. M. Rochet went from Suez to Mocha, landing at the principal ports on the east coast of the Red Sea; he then passed the straits of Babel Mandeb, landed in the kingdom of Adel, to the south of Abyssinia, and penetrated 180 leagues into the kingdom of Schoa. King Salessalassi received him kindly, though the last Frenchmen who had been there had prejudiced the prince and the people against them. Our traveller speaks in high terms of the hospitality that was shown him. There is nothing particularly remarkable or romantic in his journey, and the modesty with which he speaks of his hardships and labours excites a real interest in his favour. Though this part of Abyssinia produces the sugar-cane, the inhabitants were unacquainted with the art of turning it to account. M. Rochet instructed them in this and many other things; and the king was so delighted with the performance of his guest, that, after hospitably entertaining him for six months; it was only at his most urgent representations, and on a promise soon to return, that he allowed him to depart. During these six months M. Rochet made several excursions into the interior, in company of the king, who was attended by

15 or 20,000 horsemen, and sometimes by a still larger number. The presents which the king gave him for the king of the French were 1. a dress of the Abyssinian monarch; 2. a silver shield; 3. a sabre in a silver scabbard; 4. a horse, which he was obliged to leave at Mocha; 5. a dress for the queen; 6. several MSS. in the Ethiopic language, among which are the laws of the country, the dogmas of its religion, and various other subjects. King Salessalassi is a literary man, he is the author of several esteemed poems in the Ethiopic language, and is looked upon as very learned. On his return to Tadschura to embark, our traveller found only ships going to Aden, and was therefore obliged to proceed to that place. He says that the English have fortified the place in a most formidable manner on the land side, which it was easy for them to do, as it is surrounded with a semicircle of mountains, which rise almost perpendicularly. The fortifications on the land side are absolutely indispensable for the English, as the Arabs incessantly molest them, and sentinels are frequently found to be murdered. It is not at all probable that the new possessors of this place will ever be able to open any communication with the interior of the country. They have a garrison of above 2000 men, and all their supplies must be brought by sea. At Aden, M. Rochet embarked for Mocha. He considers it as nearly impossible for the English to maintain their ground in that place if they should obtain possession of it; for the inhabitants of that province are very warlike, and their antipathy to the British flag is not doubtful.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

JANUARY 21. Professor Wilson in the chair.—Members were elected, and other routine business done.—Mr. Christopher Edmonds presented to the Society a coloured plan of the celebrated white horse cut on the Chalk Hills at Uffington, Berks. The analogy of this singular work to the disjointed horses on the British coins, would seem to appropriate it to the Britons rather than to the Saxons, to whom it has been attributed by many.—Mr. Alfred Smee delivered a lecture 'On the Application of Electro-Metallurgy for the Purposes of the Numismatist,' and drew attention to the various modes by which electro-medallions might be made. Mr. Smee's work, noticed in our last Number, contains copious instructions on this as well as on many other applications of the new art. Further details on this subject, at present, would be superfluous.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY 5th.—Mr. Birch, 'On the Hieroglyphics of the Ancient Egyptians,' gave a summary of the analysis attained by comparative study in this branch of ancient literature. The identity of the hieroglyphic character with the Koptic language, and the truth of the phonetic system, were the immediate subjects, illustrated by copies of groups, of cartouches, by original rituals, &c. &c.; they were clearly explained, and ably treated, by Mr. Birch.

PARIS LETTER.

February 9, 1841.

Academy of Sciences. Sitting of February 1.—M. Biot communicated to the Academy a reply from Mr. Fox Talbot relative to the recent photographic experiments of M. Becquerel. Mr. Talbot stated, that in 1835 he had made public some experiments similar to those in question. A paper, impregnated with nitrate of silver, and covered for one half of its surface

by an opaque screen, had been exposed by him to the solar rays in the winter for several hours, but no apparent effect had been produced. He then removed the screen, and exposed the whole surface of the paper; when, at the end of several hours more, the portion that had first been exposed became coloured, but the other remained white. This was only a first essay; but he had since succeeded in making sensitive paper, which would keep the images it had received invisible for several months. Mr. Talbot considered that these circumstances would be of use in photography, because they would allow of the artist taking an invisible photographic impression,—an affair of a few minutes, and then of completing it by further exposure to the sun at a future period. It was, also, applicable to the making of invisible writing; a letter might be written by a photographic process, and the whole kept invisible for three months, when it might be brought out clearly, and made legible by the action of the light.

M. Valé addressed to the Academy a paper 'On the Advantage of making Dams and sluices at the Exits of the Lakes of Geneva, Bourget, and Annecy,' so as to produce a head of water which might be applied to rendering the Rhone always navigable during the great droughts in summer.—Dr. Baudens read a paper 'On an Operation recently performed by himself, of Amputating the Foot of a Patient.' It had been attended with complete success, and was evidently preferable to the amputation of the leg, when only the foot was injured.—Dr. Boyer introduced to the Academy a great number of his patients, upon whom he had recently operated for strabism. Their eyes had no longer any traces of a tendency to squint, and their health was excellent. The operations had been attended with very little pain or trouble.—A memoir, by Professor Valenciennes, was read, 'On the Electrical Organ of the Malapterura.' It appeared that the apparatus constituted a complete galvanic battery in miniature.

The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres has just elected the Very Rev. Dr. Gaisford, Dean of Christ Church, a corresponding member.

The demolition of the Hôtel de la Tremoille, in the Rue des Bourdonnais, is commenced, and is going on with rapidity. The proprietor has made a present of the circular turret, the entrance gateway, and other valuable parts of the edifice, to the city of Paris; and the fragments are to be re-erected in the courts of the Ecole des Beaux Arts. This reflects great credit on M. Cohim, the proprietor; infinitely more, indeed, than on the city,—that body of enormous wealth, which ought to be ashamed of accepting such a present without making a handsome return! Paris now possesses only two noble residences of the middle ages, and their destruction will, no doubt, take place in a few years. This vandalism of destruction is one of the invariable consequences of the revolutionary spirit, and is part of the punishment which it entails on the country where it exists. We are sorry, however, for the proprietor of the Hôtel de la Tremoille, just as we should feel much regret at seeing any body cut to pieces a fine Albert Durer, a Julio Romano, &c., and give the head of a figure to one of his friends, a leg to another, &c. Ancient works of architecture have, or will have, their price, just the same as pictures and statues.

The King of Prussia has granted an annual pension of 400 crowns on the widow of the poet Immermann.

The University of Jena has conferred the

degree of Doctor in Philosophy on General Peyron, Postmaster-general in Sweden, for his improvements in that service (Doctor of *Letters* would surely have been more appropriate?).

LITERARY AND LEARNED. ROYAL SOCIETY.

THURSDAY, 4th.—A communication by Mr. Grove, 'On some Electro-Nitrogurets,' was read. The author states that he has made many attempts to render permanent the ammoniacal amalgam; that he has frozen it by means of solid carbonic acid, during which solidification, and in its solid state, it underwent no chemical change. He subsequently attempted to procure a permanent compound by electrolysis a solution of hydrochlorate of ammonia, with an extremely fusible alloy at the cathode; but this attempt was unsuccessful. It then occurred to him that, by using an oxidable metal at the anode, which could be removed in conjunction with nascent hydrogen and nitrogen at the cathode, one or both of these elements might be combined with the solid metal, and so form permanent compounds. The experiment made in this manner with the metals zinc, cadmium, and copper, was perfectly successful. A spongy mass collected at the cathode, which floated upon the liquids and which, when washed and dried, was analysed by heating in a tube retort. Five grains of the zinc compound gave 0.73 of a cubic inch of permanent gas, which, upon examination, proved to be nitrogen with one-fourth hydrogen. The same quantity of the cadmium compound gave 0.207 of nitrogen, with no admixture of hydrogen. A like weight of the copper compound gave 0.107 of nitrogen. No ammonia was evolved by either; and the author is inclined to think that the hydrogen yielded by the zinc compound resulted from the reaction of the metal upon combined water. The sp. gr. of specimens of these substances, which the author tried, were respectively 4.6, 4.8, and 5.9. A mixed solution of chloride of gold, and hydrochlorate of ammonia, electrolysed with platinum electrodes, gave a black powder, sp. gr. 10.3, five grains of which being heated gave only 0.05 of a cubic inch of gas. The author proceeds to observe that the similarity in appearance and mode of formation of these compounds and of the mercurio-ammoniacal amalgam, is strong evidence of identity of constitution, that the non-permanence of the latter substance is due to the mobility of the mercury, for place the compounds in similar circumstances, *i. e.* solidify the mercurial one or liquefy those of the other metals, and the phenomena are perfectly analogous. The experiments also bear immediately upon those of Thenard Savart and others, where ammonia passed over heated metals was found to be decomposed more completely by the oxidable than by the inoxidable metals, and to alter their physical characters without materially increasing their weight. Upon examining papers connected with this subject, the author found that Mr. Daniell had cursorily noticed a deposit, somewhat analogous to those here treated of, which was found upon the negative plate of his constant battery, when this was charged on the zinc side with hydrochlorate of ammonia, and which he (Mr. Daniell) observed was worthy of further investigation, but had not time to examine.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

FEB. 6th. Professor Wilson in the chair.—The Secretary read to the meeting an extract from a journal kept by Sir Charles Malcolm

during a journey which he performed in 1839 between Cosseir and Alexandria, in the course of which he visited the granite quarries of Hammamet. This extract should have accompanied the portion of a sarcophagus from the Tombs of the Kings, and a specimen of granite from the quarries, which were presented to the meeting on a former occasion, but by some accident it did not until now reach the Society. On the 22d of January the party traversed two rocky passes, which, Sir Charles observes, are the only obstacles to driving a carriage all the way from the Nile to the Red Sea; and these are short, and might easily be made practicable. He found near one of these spots some tents of desert Arabs, whose miserable inmates were feeding on the flesh of a camel which had died on the road. Some time after, they reached the ancient quarries of Hammamet, where they stayed two hours to explore the workings, on which the marks of the chisel and other tools were as visible and as fresh as the day when they were first made. The stones are very large, and come out in square smooth masses, which may be had of any size, the only difficulty being to get them down without breaking. It is of a dark red granite, though called by the guides porphyry; but the real porphyry quarries lie some miles northward. It takes a fine polish, and is as heavy as iron. Figures of men, women, various animals, and birds, are carved on all sides, as well as numerous hieroglyphics, some of which are very well executed. On the 1st of the following February, Sir Charles visited the Tombs of the Kings, and saw there an ancient sarcophagus of red granite, conjectured to have been made for a king called Iskai, whose images are all defaced, and whose sarcophagus is broken,—a punishment inflicted by posterity on usurpers and tyrants. One of the fragments was the piece lying on the table, containing a figure of Isis, very beautiful, and in good preservation.—The next paper read was a report 'On the Pergunnah of Chota Nagpore,' by Mr. Cuthbert, a resident magistrate. This report was communicated to the Society by the East India Company. Chota Nagpore is a district measuring about ninety-five by eighty miles, and is situated above 200 miles W.N.W. of Calcutta. Its aspect is generally hilly and jungly, and much is uncultivated; but some portions of it are highly productive; and, from the quantity of rain falling, these are often found to produce largely in seasons when the harvests of the neighbouring countries have failed altogether. They are, from the same cause, very unhealthy; and during the rains the climate in those parts may be reckoned deadly. This paper being a *résumé* of the observations of a person residing on the spot during a considerable period, is incapable of much abridgement; and we can only find room for some prominent portions. Little is known of the history of the district. It appears to have been divided into a number of petty chiefships, until conquered by the ancestor of the present rājā, about a century and a half ago. The rājā is a young man who had held the rāj about four years at the time the report was made. He seemed well disposed, but left all business to his ministers, who appeared to have the usual Oriental disposition to oppression and rapacity, when uncontrolled by the intervention of the British government. The native rule appears to be perfect feudalism. Aids of money are collected from the subjects at the rājā's accession; at his marriage; when he goes on a pilgrimage; when he visits the magistrate; in fine, whenever he wants it. Every kind of extortion has been practised under these pre-

tences; but, of late, a closer superintendence has much checked the system. There are six subordinate rājās under the chief rājā; but, until the rise of the British power, their dependence was only nominal; a state of petty warfare, with all its devastation and misery, was constantly maintained; and the subjects of each chief were all held bound to follow their respective leaders to the field. Besides the Jaghirdars, or regular feudal followers of their lords, there is a considerable body of the Kole and Blungia tribe, called Manikies and Mondas, generally supposed to be descended from the aboriginal dwellers in India, and speaking languages not derived from the Sanskrit. These people dwell in the most mountainous and difficult parts of the province; they hold villages at a fixed rent, and though, like the other hill tribes of India, they are considered by the Hindoos to be a lawless race, they have proved themselves good subjects of our government. The peasantry among these people generally live poorly, their huts are wretchedly constructed, and their food is of the coarsest kind. The languages of distant tribes, although believed to be from the same root, are unintelligible to each other, and are rarely understood by other Hindoos. Rice, cotton, the sugar-cane, and various grains, are cultivated in Chota Nagpore; and the hills produce lac, gum, and silk. Iron ore is found in considerable quantities, and gold is picked up in the beds of the rivers. It is also said that there is a diamond mine, but the rājā and landholders conceal all knowledge of any such existing. The revenue derived by the rājā is stated to be above 400,000 rupees; but the demands of the British government amount only to 26,000, out of which 5000 may be deducted for expenses. Among the crimes of the province murder stands prominent; the usual motives to its perpetration are jealousy, superstition, or revenge. In one case, a substantial landholder hired assassins to murder a neighbour, in consequence of a grudge arising from a complaint lodged before the magistrate. The price was a very trifling sum of money and a few maunds of rice, but the perpetrators paid the forfeit of their lives.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

SIR JOHN DORRAT in the chair.—Mr. Hamilton read a portion of the continuation of Burckhardt's account of the fiscal and commercial government of Mehemet Ali, in which many curious acts were described; and it was stated, by Egyptian travellers present, that the same system had been continued to the present time. Mr. Perring exhibited some fragments of ancient sculpture and drawings of heads, cartouches, hieroglyphics, &c., found near El Tell, or Tell Amanra, which seemed to belong to the mysterious race of shepherd kings, and to promise some light on the very interesting inquiry connected with their rule in Egypt. At the ensuing meeting it was announced that this subject would be farther illustrated, by papers by Mr. Prisse and Mr. Perring.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Linnean, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7 P.M.; London Institution, 7 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Numismatic, 7 P.M.
Friday.—Geological (Anniversary), 1 P.M.; Royal Institution, 8 P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Physical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

ON Wednesday the three vacancies in the Royal Academy were filled up by the election of David Roberts, Esq., Philip Hardwick, Esq., and John Chalon, Esq.

CALOTYPE (PHOTOGENIC) DRAWING.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

DEAR Sir,—It is now two years since I first published a brief account of Photogenic Drawing.* During this interval I have taken much pains, and made many experiments, with the hope of rendering the art more perfect and useful. In this way I have obtained a good many improvements, with the mention of which I shall not detain you at present.

I shall confine myself in this letter to a single subject, viz. the discovery which I made last September of a chemical process by which paper may be made far more sensitive to light than by any means hitherto known. It is not easy to estimate exactly how far this increase of sensibility extends; but certainly a much better picture can now be obtained in a minute than by the former process in an hour.

This increased rapidity is accompanied with an increased sharpness and distinctness in the outlines of the objects,—an effect which is very advantageous and pleasing, and at the same time rather difficult to account for.

The shortest time in which I have yet succeeded in impressing an image in the camera obscura has been eight seconds; but I do not mean to assign this as the precise limit, for it can only be ascertained by more careful and multiplied experiments.

The production of the image is accompanied with some very extraordinary circumstances, to which I will advert in a subsequent letter. These phenomena are extremely curious, and I have not found in chemical writers any mention of any thing similar.

The image, when obtained, must of course be fixed, otherwise the process would remain imperfect. It might be supposed, *a priori*, that this fixation would be very difficult, the paper being so sensitive. But it fortunately happens that, in this instance, what seems a reasonable inference is not borne out by fact, the new photographs being more easily and perfectly fixed than was the case with the former ones. When fixed, a great many copies may be made from them, and thus the original view can be multiplied with facility.

I think that the art has now reached a point which is likely to make it extensively useful. How many travellers are almost ignorant of drawing, and either attempt nothing, or bring home rude unintelligible sketches! They may now fill their portfolios with accurate views, without much expenditure of time or trouble; and even the accomplished artist will call in sometimes this auxiliary aid, when pressed for time in sketching a building or a landscape, or when wearied with the multiplicity of its minute details.

One of the most important applications of the new process, and most likely to prove generally interesting, is, undoubtedly, the taking of portraits. I made trial of it last October, and found that the experiment readily succeeded. Half-a-minute appeared to be sufficient in sunshine, and four or five minutes when a person was seated in the shade, but in the open air. After a few portraits had been made, enough to shew that it could be done without

difficulty, the experiments were adjourned to a more favourable season.

Several photographic processes being now known, which are materially different from each other, I consider it to be absolutely necessary to distinguish them by different names, in the same way that we distinguish different styles of painting or engraving. Photographs executed on a silver plate have received, and will no doubt retain, the name of Daguerreotype. The new kind of photographs, which are the subject of this letter, I propose to distinguish by the name of Calotype; a term which, I hope, when they become known, will not be found to have been misapplied.

I remember it was said by many persons, at the time when photogenic drawing was first spoken of, that it was likely to prove injurious to art, as substituting mere mechanical labour in lieu of talent and experience. Now, so far from this being the case, I find that in this, as in most other things, there is ample room for the exercise of skill and judgment. It would hardly be believed, how different an effect is produced by a longer or shorter exposure to the light, and, also, by mere variations in the fixing process, by means of which almost any tint, cold or warm, may be thrown over the picture, and the effect of bright or gloomy weather may be imitated at pleasure. All this falls within the artist's province to combine and to regulate; and if, in the course of these manipulations, he, *volens volens*, becomes a chemist and an optician, I feel confident that such an alliance of science with art will prove conducive to the improvement of both.—I remain, yours, &c. H. F. TALBOT.

31 Hackney Road, February 5, 1841.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

(Second notice.)

IN criticising, or rather in reporting, the pictures in this Exhibition, it ought ever to be held in mind that it does not consist of the productions of the masters in art, but of those of a rising school. It is true that there are paintings by men of high and established reputation among them; but the majority are by students or individuals who have only advanced to a certain extent, less or more, from that condition. With this in view, our brief strictures are written.

Middle Room.—133. *Vico, with Ischia in the Distance.* T. C. Holland.—And so our purely English landscape-painter has been extending his copies of nature to Italy! Still this is a very English-looking scene, and the atmosphere, in particular, does not impress us with the feeling of the aerial Italian sky. It is, however, a sweet tranquil scene.

134. *Marie.* Mrs. Mac Ian.—A female at the foot of a rude cross;—pathetic, well expressed, and suitably coloured.

138. *Interior in the State Apartments at Penshurst Castle: Waller Reading to Sacharissa.* A. Morton.—The rich furniture is carefully finished, and the group ably conceived and executed. The poet is finely thrown into partial shade, and contrasts well with the brilliancy of the lady.

Under the arch, from Nos. 145 to 154, are some pretty little landscapes, by A. Vickers, H. J. Boddington, and F. H. Henshaw.

159. *Eagle and Black Cock in a Highland Glen.* F. R. Lee, R.A.—A magnificent eagle and a victim black cock, both painted with vigour and truth. The wild and grand features of the Highlands are also faithfully represented, and form a theatre bravely suited to the ornithological tragedy.

167. *An Italian Girl.* 200. *A Surry Commoner.* J. Inskipp.—Two girlish figures in the artist's usual style, but looking (especially the first) as if hastily done or unfinished.

174. *Lady Jane Grey in the Tower.* Marshall Caxton.—A gallant effort; but the costume is not well chosen, and gives a modern appearance to the principal personage. In other respects there are some very promising points in this historical composition.

175. *French Herring-Boat, &c.* E. W. Cooke.—A free and dashing coast scene: the sands and sea extremely natural, and the vessel and her crew, &c., in their various employments, cleverly executed.

180. *Baptism: Interior of St. Gilles, Caen.* F. Goodall.—There is a deep and solemn tone in this picture which we like much, and the architectural parts are skilfully done. The christening group, too, is very characteristic; and our only objection is that the figures appear to be of the short and dumpy species.

183. *Faustus in Meditation.* N. Oakes.—A full-sized whole-length of the renowned conjuror, seated; but in his youth, when the aspirations after knowledge were untainted by unholy desires. It does credit to the artist.

184. *Birch Grove.* F. R. Lee, R.A.—185. *Burning Vraic, Jersey.* E. W. Cooke.—186. *The Garden Terrace at Haddon.* T. Creswick. These three very dismal gems are over the chimney-piece, and are a charming trio, which might sweetly (unseparated) adorn every room in Europe. The first, a woody piece of nature; the second, nature and life on the seashore; and the third, nature shared with art among the interesting shades of Haddon.

188. *Columbus and his son Diego, receiving Relief from the Monks of La Rabida.* W. Simson.—An excellent subject, and treated with no common talent. The head of Columbus is finely expressive, and the boy, Diego, is beautiful. The whole story is well told; and, in the mechanical merits of art, does honour to the palette of Mr. Simson.

194. *English, French, and German Artists, resting at the Hermitage, after the Ascent of Vesuvius.* Marshall Caxton.—A bustling and numerous assemblage, various in costume and in occupation. The natives of different countries are easily recognised, and there is a liveliness in the canvass which pleases the eye and affords much for the mind to dwell upon.

195. *Narcissus.* G. Lane.—A peacock, and such a tail! It is a perfect glory, and if fine feathers make fine birds, this is one of the finest birds in creation. It is admirably painted, and we only regret so much that is captivating in art being lavished on such a subject.

206. *Sir Toby, Sir Anthony Aguecheek, and Clown carousing in the house of Olivia.* F. P. Stephanoff.—A jolly party, with Maria in attendance. The spirit of the "Immortal" is happily caught in this scintillation of his genius, and the artist has done justice to his selection. The attitudes and looks of the *dramatis personæ* are in perfect accord with their characters, and Maria is truly a buxom lass.

215. *A Dog, with Bittern, Ducks, &c.* F. R. Lee, R.A.—A capital bit of animal life and drollery.

216. *The Ford Farm.* J. Stark.—Very pretty.

218. *On the Conway, North Wales.* J. Wilson.—Also a charming little bit of nature.

225. *Amalfi.* G. E. Hering.—A circular landscape of great purity and beauty.

229. *Gipsies.* J. J. Chalon, A.R.A.—The landscape approaching the grand in the exuberance of woody wealth. The gipsy encamp-

* See *Literary Gazette* of that period, in which we exposed foreign pretensions and established just rights and British claims.—Ed. L. G.

ment is a little spotty, but the entire picture is a very favourable specimen of art.

240. *The Eve of the Deluge*. J. Martin.—Mr. Martin has contributed several of his sublime compositions to the Gallery, where they serve materially to enhance its attractions, and contrast well with the surrounding works generally of so different a kind.

245. *Arming for Battle*. F. Newenham.—The female is sweet and graceful, and the armour of the knight worthy of all praise. We cannot say that we admire his countenance; but we can say that we consider the group to be one of very considerable merit, and greater promise.

249. *The Stackyard*. W. F. Witherington, R.A.—A very pleasing rustic scene, and in all its parts, animate and inanimate, very ably painted.

255. *The Wish*. Theodor Von Holst.—A sibilious and imposing head, finely expressive, and the action full of consonant interest.

We have only to add as regards this room that there may be many productions among the *high-ups* and the *low-downs*, which have escaped our notice, notwithstanding their deserts.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

IT SPOILS A MAN TO MARRY HIM.
BELIEVE, dear girls, this maxim true,
In precept and in practice too,
That it spoils a man to marry him:
The creature never ought to go
Beyond a honeymoon or so;
If they survive that, they will shew
That it spoils a man to marry him.
When first he kneels before your feet,
How soft his words! his looks how sweet!
But it spoils a man to marry him:
When once a late consent he'll wring,
And get your finger in the ring,
Oh! then he's quite another thing.
It so spoils a man to marry him,
Have you a fancy?—You must drop it.
A will it may be?—You must lope it.
Before you think of marrying:
And, even if you venture then,
Select the very worst of men;
If not, nine chances out of ten,
'Twill spoil the wretch to marry him.

SN00X.

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.—On Tuesday, a new drama, in two acts, by Mr. Jerrold, suggested by an anecdote in Walpole's "Memoirs," was produced here with success, but hardly with that degree of success which its rare merit in one respect seemed to us to deserve. We allude to the spirit and sparkliness of the dialogue, which reminded us of the wit of the best comedies of the older time, without the indelicacy or coarseness which was but too wont to disfigure these productions of genius. The audience generally did not appear to feel the finest of these points, which profusely animated the whole, and especially the first act, but took the more palpable hits with a hearty relish that did justice to the author. Perhaps, as the public becomes more familiar with the piece, its neat epigrammatic touches and shrewd allusions, in which consists its excellence, will be better understood and appreciated; but we fear that broader humour is more suited to the taste and apprehension of the day. *The White Milliner* (for such is the name) is not so fortunate in its dramatic construction, or the interest of its incidents. Both depend far too much on circumstances which can only be sparingly used with effect upon the stage. One screen-scene is the climax of *The School for Scandal*; but here we have a whole act of screen-scenes—a battery of morning guns. It is like a game of Hide-and-Seek. Each of the principal characters plays at bo-peep, and

some of them two or three times behind the screen; whilst others come in and go out, soliloquise, converse, cloak and uncloak, mask and unmask, conceal in off-rooms and are let out, meet or avoid, in endless but same variety. These artifices repeated cloy; and had, no doubt, their influence in equalising the more lively and effective parts: so that the entire plot lost much of its briskness and buoyancy. But judicious curtailment will bring the striking features closer together; and the farcical bits will tell better on the less critical majority of the multitude, to whom the higher qualities are *caviare*. The story is simple enough. A lady (Vestris) betrothed to a proscribed Jacobite (*Herbert Conway*, Vining), in the reign of Queen Anne, assumes the disguise of a milliner to escape being forced into a hateful union with another; and in a white dress and perpetual mask attracts much notice at the Bourse, which preceded Exeter 'Change at that period. She is pursued by a libertine young lord (*Ortolan*, Mathews), who happens to be married to her dearest friend (*Lady Ortolan*, Miss Cooper); and also, towards the end, by *Justice Twilight* (Farren), a creature of his lordship, an obsequious of her ladyship, and a would-be great politician and dabbler in state affairs. *Mrs. Mellowpear* (Orger), the landlady of the *White Milliner* and a widow, looking fervently for her Second; and *Saul Succum* (Keeley), the object of her affections, late serving-man to an apothecary, but now installed in all the clothes and comforts of the widow's dear departed, make a laughable under-action; and with the *Justice's Clerk* (Payne), fill up the measure of the comic and entertaining. Keeley is admirable—a modern Sancho, from whom every morsel of selfishness and simplicity falls with an irresistible unction. His description of his courtship, depending on the colours of the medicines he brought, till seeing the pale pink, and well knowing that the patient could not last much longer, he was roused to pop the question; his account of consenting to become No. 2, after a dinner on capon, with his humming ale before him, seated in the defunct's very easy chair, and with his night-gown and slippers on; his colloquy with the *Justice* concerning his two months in *Bridewell*, partly droll, and partly affectingly satirical; his opinion of the law when told it would cover him with its wings, "Ah! your law is a pretty bird! It would be a bird of Paradise were it not for its terrible bill!" and, indeed, all his quaint and pithy sayings are the very stars of the drama. *Mrs. Orger* has not so much to do, but does it equally well. The old *Justice* is quite in Farren's line, and is acted with the skill of a veteran artist. His trimming, equivocations, lies, amorous propensities, and confusion on being suspected or detected, are all portrayed with force and fidelity; and his queer expression of countenance often occasioned bursts of merriment. Mathews was gay, sprightly, and beautifully dressed, in *Lord Ortolan*; and Vestris, arch and lively in the *White Milliner*. We ought not, however, to forget her companions in the Bourse, headed by *Mrs. Humby*; nor the imbecile beadle, *Doddlies*, capably performed by F. Mathews, who, like Payne, never tries an original character, however slight, without manifesting a clever conception, and exhibiting a clever execution. The finale of a procession of twenty milliners, with twenty bandboxes, containing twenty gowns, ordered of the *White Mask* by the filial *Lord Ortolan* for his mother, though a farcical conclusion, made the curtain descend with *éclat*; and the drama was given out for

every alternate night with unanimous applause.

The Adelphi.—On Thursday, a piece of *diablerie*, paraphrased from the French *Diable Amoureux*, was brought out here in the most gorgeous style and with perfect success. The whole strength of the company, with Honey added to it, was employed on the occasion; but we have no room for details, or devils' tails either, this week.

The English Opera House, which opens on the 6th of March with a powerful operatic company, under the direction of Mr. Balfe, bids well, we think, at last, to offer a fair stage for native talent, both as regards the composition and the performances of national music. The first opera is by Balfe himself, and it is to be followed by one of Barnett's, the justly popular author of *The Mountain Sylph*. It is true that the *prima donna*, Madame Balfe, is not English; but she may be considered naturalised by marriage; and Balfe, Phillips, and Wilson, are a tower of male strength, not readily to be equalled in the art of which they are such distinguished ornaments. The house, we understand, is to be open four nights a week, being shut on Wednesdays and Fridays (owing to concert engagements); and we are glad to hear that the subscription for the private boxes, a hundred in number, is already far filled up, so as to leave little risk for the success of the undertaking.

VARIETIES.

Copyright Bill.—Yesterday week, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's parliamentary efforts on behalf of authors were defeated for the present in the House of Commons, after a clever speech against the second reading of his bill, by Mr. Macaulay. The numbers were—45 to 38; majority, 7: so it is decided that a man's property in the works of his head is quite different from a man's property in the works of his hands. Thus, if you make a watch, or a piano-forte, or a table, or a poker, you may bequeath it to your children,—yea, even to the length of a painting; but if you make a book, it is neither yours nor theirs, but the Public's. And the reason for robbing you and them is, that your product is more valuable to the rest of mankind than any other; and, therefore, the strongest, by "the good old rule," may take it from you.

Saxon Antiquity.—A massive ring of pure gold has been found near Rockingham, supposed to be a Saxon abraxis, or preservative against witchcraft, &c. It is inscribed on the outer side in Saxon characters, "*Gutta: Gutta: Madros: Adros:*" and on the inner "*Udros: Udros: Thebal:*" Quære, the interpretation thereof?

Anglo-Roman Antiquities.—The foundations of a Roman basilica have been discovered under the church of Brixworth, Northamptonshire. It is to be farther explored and laid open.

Transmission of News.—Among the surprising means now taken to procure the rapid transmission of intelligence, we may notice that we received the "Bombay Gazette Overland Dispatch" within less than six weeks of its publication. Thus we have on our table before us the number for January 1st, which contains a *précis* of all the Indian news for the preceding month of December. It is sent by every mail.

The Laocoon.—A Lyons journal, on the authority of an artist named Valmore, asserts that the real and original head of the Laocoon, belonging to the Duc d'Arenberg, is now at

Brussels, and tells a plausible story of its find-
ing and migrations.

Epitaph in Old Kilpatrick Churchyard.
"HERE lies James Williamson, who died September 6th,
1812:

For piety he did excel;
And of all the elders
Of his sect, he bore the bell:
Of every web he wove, he stole an ell."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Engines of War: including the Manufacture of Guns,
Gunpowder, Swords, &c. by H. Wilkinson, 8vo. 9s.
Legends of Connaught, Irish Stories, &c. by the Author of
"Connaught in 1796," 8vo. 18s.—Mosheim's Eccle-
siastical History, a new edition, with Additions, by
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Rules, by P. S. Carey, royal 8vo. 5s.—On the Law relating
to Composition with Creditors, by W. Forsyth, 12mo. 6s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1841.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 28	From 23 to 42	30.14 to 30.20
Friday 29 32 .. 43	30.40 .. 30.12
Saturday .. 30 33 .. 43	30.14 stationary.
Sunday 31 36 .. 41	30.11 .. 30.21

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Monday .. 1 25 .. 33	30.15 .. 30.21
Tuesday .. 2 20 .. 29	29.99 .. 29.87
Wednesday .. 3 14 .. 27	29.87 .. 29.90

Wind, south-west on the 29th; north on the 31st;
south-west on the 30th; south-east and east on the 31st;
ult.; north-east on the 1st inst. and two following days.

On the 28th, morning clear, afternoon overcast, evening
hazy; the 29th, evening overcast, otherwise clear;
the 30th, morning overcast, afternoon foggy, evening
cloudy, with small rain; the 31st ult., overcast, rain in
the morning, and snow in the afternoon and evening; the
1st inst., overcast, snowing frequently during the day;
the 2d, afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy, with snow in
the morning and evening; the 3d, morning cloudy, with
snow, otherwise clear.

Rain fallen, 1.35 of an inch.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 4	From 11 to 28	29.75 to 29.62
Friday 5 16 .. 29	29.62 .. 29.65
Saturday .. 6 22 .. 29	29.62 .. 29.58
Sunday 7 19 .. 27	29.43 .. 29.56
Monday .. 8 21 .. 29	29.32 .. 29.38
Tuesday .. 9 20 .. 30	29.64 .. 29.80
Wednesday 10 24 .. 30	29.92 .. 29.98

Wind, north-east from the 4th to the 9th; on the 10th,
E.S.E.

Except the morning of the 5th, cloudy; a little snow
fell on the 4th, and rain on the morning of the 10th.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondent will see how completely erroneous
his weather prophecies for February were: it is well for
his credit as a Seer that we did not publish them.

Answer to "Rusticus" in our next.
"The Courtiers of the Modern Time" is too long for
us, and has, alas! submitted to the ordeal.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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MAPS.—No. 83, containing Plans of Mar-
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